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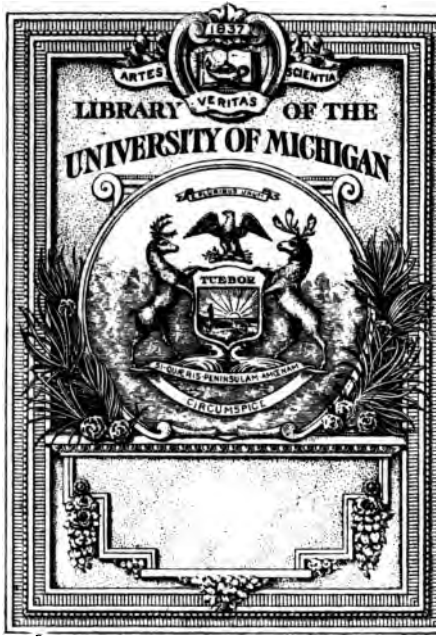
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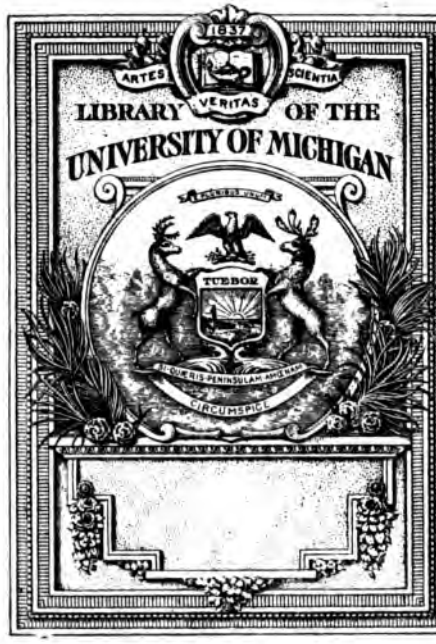
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Physician

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S. WEIR MITCHELL

Wit and Humor of the Physician

A COLLECTION FROM VARIOUS SOURCES
CLASSIFIED UNDER
APPROPRIATE SUBJECT HEADINGS

Henry Frederick Reddall

PHILADELPHIA
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By Way of Introduction

THE physician, be he family practitioner or specialist, sees many and diverse sides of human nature, and in no other profession, save perhaps that of the law, do the grave and the gay, the ludicrous and the pathetic, crowd each other so closely.

Doctors, as a rule, are a genial class of men, —they need to be, in fact,—and it is greatly to their credit that a good story or a *bonmot* appeals to their sense of humor just as strongly when they themselves or a brother doctor or the profession at large are the victims.

Many of the anecdotes in the following pages have been culled at first hand from gentlemen active in the profession, and doubtless every doctor in the land has his own private stock of good things, equally funny as any found herein, —based upon actual occurrences.

There are, of course, a vast number of "stock stories" about medical life, which have been going the rounds for years and years, and which, on account of their longevity, may be termed veritable "Joe Millers." In the present

collection effort has been made to exclude al such, and to present an entirely new and nove collection of Wit and Humor of the Physician.

F. R.

Philadelphia, 1906.

CHAPTER I

Some Neat Replies

Trial by Fire

Not far from the village of Mexico, in the Empire State, resides a good-natured, joke-loving doctor, named Emmons. An old man of his acquaintance was having some manner of trouble with his head, which impaired his hearing, for the relief of which he had unsuccessfully applied many remedies. At last, hearing of the medicinal properties of kerosene, he poured into his ear a few drops, which of course inflamed and burned it, making the matter still worse. Becoming a little frightened, he rushed to Dr. Emmons and informed him of his trouble, telling him what remedy he had applied and the disastrous result. The doctor heard his story, then after a short pause asked :

"You poured kerosene into your ear, did you, and it inflamed it?"

"Yes," was the response.

"Then put in a wick and burn it out!"

A Safe Assertion

An Irish medical student attended Chicago University by way of polishing off for entering upon his profession. He was as reckless and ready-witted a fellow as ever entered those halls. The misfortune was that he could not apply himself to study of any useful kind. At length the day of reckoning came, when the "studs" were to undergo the crucial test of an examination previous to receiving their diplomas. This was conducted by a burly professor, who assailed the Irish student with the question, "Well, young man, suppose a man was blown up with powder, what would you do?" Nothing could be more innocent than the reply: "I'd wait till he'd come down, sir!"

By such sensible procedure he not only got his diploma, but became a much respected physician afterward.

Costly Discipline

A popular Eastern doctor tells this story of a bright boy, another doctor's son, who had reached the mature age of ten after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks.

His restless nature has made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one

afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Anyway, she finally said, "I certainly shall have to ask your father to come to see me."

"Don't do it," said the boy.

The teacher thought she had made an impression.

"Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy.

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"'Cause he charges $2.00 a visit," said the scamp.

Specious Reasoning

A man who is old enough to have rheumatism is fortunate if he is still young enough to turn his disability into a joke.

A physician met a patient, and asked him the usual question:

"Well, John, how are you to-day?"

"Gey weel, sir, gey weel," replied John, cautiously, "if it wasna for the rheumatism in my right leg."

"Ah, well, John, be thankful it is no worse; for there is no mistake, you are getting old like

the rest of us, and old age does not come alone."

"Auld age, sir!" said John. "I wonder to hear ye. Auld age has naething to do with it. Here's my ither leg just as auld, and it's quite sound and soople yet."

He Would Fix It

Dr. W. W. Keen, the noted surgeon of Philadelphia, was praising speed in surgical operations. The best surgeons, he declared, were always the swiftest. Speed was one of the great essentials of fine operations, since the briefer the period passed by the patient under the knife, the greater the chance for his complete recovery.

"On this head," Dr. Keen continued, smiling, "there is a story of a distinguished surgeon.

"He performed successfully a difficult and delicate operation on a millionaire banker's wife, and, naturally, the bill that he rendered for this operation was a large one. It was not exorbitant, but it was enough—a reasonable and just bill.

"The banker, though, thought otherwise. With an imprecation he declared the bill to be an outrage.

"'Why,' he cried, 'the operation took you only ten minutes.'

"The surgeon laughed.

"'Oh,' he said, 'if that is your only objection, the next time any of your family needs an operation, I'll keep them two or three hours under the knife.'"

No Sale

"Doctor," said the man who wanted to work him for a free prescription, "what would you give for a sore throat?"

"Nothing," replied the doctor promptly, "I don't want a sore throat."

One They Could Not Use

"These spectacles will save your eyes; we guarantee it." Such was the announcement made by one of the proprietors of an optical exhibit at the St. Louis world's fair to a visitor who had been persuaded to have his eyes tested. The visitor was unable to resist the eloquence of the exhibitor, and purchased a pair of "bifocals."

"Now, please, give us your name and address," said the man, "so that if these glasses do not give entire satisfaction we can make them good."

The visitor did so and went away.

A few weeks later he was surprised to receive at his home a letter from the optical instrument

firm asking for a testimonial to the merits of the spectacles, as they would "like to use it in a pamphlet" they were "getting out."

He paid no attention to it. A second letter came, and then a third. On receiving the last one, he sat down and wrote as follows:

"Gentlemen: It affords me pleasure to say that your spectacles do indeed 'save the eyes.' The other morning while I was dressing, one of my suspenders slipped out of my fingers, and the buckle flew up and hit me on the face. Had it not been for the spectacles you sold me I might have lost my left eye. The glass broke into three or four pieces, but it saved the eye.

"Yours gratefully,

"——— ———."

Where There's a Will

A prominent Boston physician tells of the many ridiculous requests that were received by investigators in connection with the Roentgen rays, when the experiments were first taken up in that city. Hundreds of applications were received from various parts of New England, from individuals who had or imagined they had bullets and sundry foreign substances in the different portions of their anatomies. One investigator received a most remarkable request from a

man living in Haverhill, Massachusetts. His communication was couched in something like the following form:

"I have had a bullet in my thorax for nearly ten years, and, as I am too busily engaged all day to come to Boston, I trust that you will find it convenient to come here and locate the bullet. I am positive the case would well repay your coming. But if you cannot come yourself, then send your apparatus and I'll get one of our local doctors to use it."

The medical man to whom this letter was addressed, being of a humorous turn, replied as follows:

"To my regret, I shall be unable to visit you; nor can I send you the apparatus. In the event, however, of your finding it absolutely impossible to visit Boston, if you will send me your thorax, I assure you that I will do the best I can for you."

Give and Take

Lawyer: "I say, doctor, why are you always running us lawyers down?"

Doctor (dryly): "Well, your profession doesn't make angels of men, does it?"

Lawyer (with a wink): "Why, no; you certainly have the advantage of us there, doctor."

Doctor Mitchell's Compliment.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author, is famous also as a nerve specialist, and ought to be famous as a maker of cleverly turned compliments.

At a reception he met for the first time a well-known Philadelphia lady, and in conversation with her he spoke of his liking for the novel, *Cranford.*

"I am glad that my memory is such," said he, "that within the space of two years I can completely forget that book, and so have the pleasure of reading it all over again."

The lady to whom he said this did not meet him again until a year or so had passed. She found that he had quite forgotten her, and reminded him of their previous meeting. Then it came to him.

"Ah, madam!" he said. "It is with you as it is with *Cranford.* I have the ability to forget, and thus I may have all the pleasure of being acquainted over again."

The Sweating Process

At the bedside of the late William Travers, the well-known humorist, four doctors were consulting as to the best mode of producing a per-

spiration. Overhearing the discussion, Travers whispered, with a dry chuckle:

"Send in your bills, gentlemen; that will do it at once."

A Crushing Retort

Doctor Isaac Allen of Bolton, Massachusetts, was noted in the region in which he lived for his ready wit, quickness at repartee and the felicity with which he could quote Scripture to suit his purpose. Among the many good things which are told of him, the following is perhaps the best. Mr. Allen, from a bad fall on the ice when he was a boy, was a cripple, so that one of his legs was considerably shorter than the other, and he limped a good deal in his gait.

When a student at Harvard Medical School, returning to his room one night with a group of fellow students behind him, he overheard one of his companions quoting from the Book of Proverbs (chap. 26, verse 7), "The legs of the lame are not equal." Whereupon Dr. Allen faced immediately about and crushed the offender effectually by quoting the last clause of the same verse: "So is a parable in the mouth of fools."

Poor Sport

Recently a Boston practitioner went for a week's shooting in the Maine woods. Upon his return a friend stopped and spoke to him.

"Kill much?" he asked anxiously.

"No; hardly anything."

"Well, well. It's too bad. You could have done better than that by staying at home and attending to your regular business."

The Ruling Passion

"Even as death approaches," says a contemporary physician of national reputation, "the man of wit or the professional humorist is bound to have his little joke—even at his own expense.

"I was attending a well-known Western character who was dying by inches of our White Plague—consumption. In consequence the patient was much emaciated. To alleviate his sufferings one night, and to enable him to get a little sleep, I prescribed a hot mustard plaster to be applied to his chest.

"When the nurse approached with the poultice on a large dinner plate, the poor fellow grinned and said with a dry chuckle, between two paroxysms of coughing:

"'Can't say that I like your bill of fare, doctor.'

"'Why not?' I inquired.

"'There's too much mustard for so little meat,' was the quick response."

A Tilt of Wits

In connection with lawyers trying to confuse experts in the witness-box in murder trials, a case is recalled where the lawyer looked quizzically at the doctor who was testifying and said:

"Doctors sometimes make mistakes, don't they?"

"The same as lawyers," was the reply.

"But doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said the doctor, "and lawyers' mistakes sometimes swing in the air."

To Hold Schooners?

"Dry docks?" quizzically repeated a Vassar senior along about commencement time to Senator Chauncey M. Depew as the subject came up in a conversation between them. "Why, Senator Depew, what is a dry dock?"

"A thirsty physician, to be sure," replied Mr. Depew, as his face expanded into one of his good-natured smiles.

CHAPTER II

The Young Physician

The Hopeful Young Man

THE hopefulness of some young men is unbounded. At a dinner table the other night some one said to a medical student:

"Don't you despair of ever building up a practice in medicine?"

"Indeed, no," he answered.

"But you will admit that the profession is already overcrowded?"

"Oh, perhaps it is," said the young man, and then with a laugh he added: "But I propose to graduate in medicine, just the same, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances."

Still in Danger

Many are the changes rung on the old joke which suggests that the physician is more or less a dangerous person. But sometimes the stories are so naive as to have a sort of novelty.

"How's your husband getting along?" somebody asked Mrs. Cutting, whose lifelong

companion had been seriously ill with pneumonia.

"Well, I don't know what to say," Mrs. Cutting answered, with the slowness and indecision which characterized all her speech and actions. "You know we have had young Dr. Morse from the first, and at the worst we had old Dr. Green, too. Well, the last time Dr. Green came, he said to me, 'Mrs. Cutting, we may now call him out of danger.' So I suppose I might say he is; and yet it doesn't seem much like it, with young Dr. Morse coming every other day."

Easily Passed

The necessities of England's long wars caused the enrollment of numbers of young men in the ranks of the medical profession, whose learning was not their highest recommendation to respect. An old navy surgeon, of no small wit, gives a graphic description of his examination on things pertaining to surgery by the Navy Board.

"Well, I was shown into the examination-room. Large table, and half a dozen old gentlemen at it. 'Big-wigs, no doubt,' thought I; 'and sure as my name is Symonds, they'll pluck me like a pigeon.'

"'Well, sir, what do you know about the science of your profession?' asked the stout man in the chair.

"'More than he does of the practice, I'll be bound,' tittered a little wasp of a dandy—a West End ladies' doctor.

"I trembled in my shoes.

"'Well, sir,' continued the stout man, 'what would you do if a man was brought to you during action with his arms and legs shot off? Now, sir, don't keep the Board waiting! What would you do? Make haste!'

"'By jove, sir,' I answered—a thought just striking me—'I should pitch him overboard, and go on to some one else I could be of more service to.'

"By George! every one present burst out laughing; and they passed me directly, sir—passed me directly!"

A Clever Ruse

Some years ago a young doctor was on the high road to favor and a good practice, when an eccentric and wealthy maiden lady, far advanced in years, sent for him. The summons of course was promptly obeyed, and the young practitioner was soon listening to a most terrible story of

suffering. The afflicted lady, according to her account, had a year before, during the performance of her toilet, accidentally taken into her throat one of the bristles of her tooth-brush. This bristle had stuck in the top of the gullet, and caused an irritation which, she was convinced, was killing her. She had been from one surgeon of eminence to another, but all had assured her that she was the victim of a nervous delusion—that her throat was in a perfectly healthy condition—that the disturbance existed only in her own imagination.

"And so they go on, the stupid, obstinate, perverse, unfeeling creatures," concluded the poor lady, "saying there is nothing the matter with me, while I am—dying—dying—dying!"

"Allow me, madam," said the surgeon in reply, "to inspect for myself—carefully—the state of your throat." The inspection was made gravely, and at much length. "My dear Miss ———," resumed the surgeon, when he had concluded his examination, "you are quite right, and all the doctors are wrong. I can see the head of the bristle low down, almost out of sight; and if you will let me run home for my instruments, I'll forthwith extract it for you."

The adroit man retired and after a short time reappeared, armed with a very delica

forceps, into the teeth of which he had inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head; the forceps were introduced into her mouth; a prick—a scream! and it was all over; the surgeon, with a smiling face, was holding up to the light, and inspecting with lively curiosity, the extracted bristle. The patient was in raptures at a result that proved that she had been right all along. She immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praises of "her saviour," as she persisted in calling the dexterous operator. So enthusiastic was her gratitude that she offered him her hand in marriage and her noble fortune.

At His Own Expense

First young doctor (to second ditto): "Hello! old man, what's the matter? You're looking very glum."

"No wonder," was the reply. "I'm attending that wealthy Mr. Golding, you know, and I've sent him the wrong medicine."

"Indeed! Is it a serious blunder?"

"Very serious. The medicine I've sent him will cure him in two days."

Professional Courtesy

When I was a student I developed symptoms of a weak heart, or thought I did. I took the bull by the horns, and went to the professor of practice in the school I was attending, who was a great specialist.

I supposed he would recognize me, as he had several times condescended to address me in the lecture room and had seemed pleased with my answers; but he didn't, I could see that by his elaborate courtesy. I was a well-dressed lad, and he took me for a good thing. Oh, how my heart did flutter as he made a searching examination of my symptoms.

At last the awful moment came. He reassured me and wrote a prescription for a tonic. We looked at each other. I reached for my pocketbook, and, knowing his tariff, I braced myself for a plea in extenuation.

"Now, doctor," said I, "I am a student in medicine myself——"

I saw his jaw drop, but he was a good fellow.

"Put up your pocketbook," said he, "no charge in the profession."

"But, doctor," I expostulated in a voice betraying my joy.

"I will only tell you a story of the great Jenner," he went on. "One day in refusing a fee

from a medical student, as I am doing now from you, he used the expression, 'Dog doesn't eat dog.' The student rejoined that he wasn't a doctor yet. 'Oh, well,' said Jenner, 'dog doesn't eat puppy.' Good-evening."

It Was Too Late to Change

A member of the faculty of the Columbia Medical College at Washington is particularly fond of taking his students unawares in his "quizzes." To one student, whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dullard, the doctor said one day:

"What quantity constitutes a dose of——?" giving the technical name of croton oil.

"A teaspoonful," was the answer.

The instructor made no comment, and the student soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he said:

"Professor, I should like to change my reply to that question."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mr. Blank," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "*Your* patient has been dead fourteen minutes."

How Did She Know?

This story is told of a precocious little girl of ten. She is the daughter of an attractive lady of society whom the family doctor—a young man—was visiting for influenza. He felt her pulse gravely and tenderly, holding her wrist after the orthodox manner of a ladies' doctor, as he sat beside her in the drawing-room. As he did so, he became aware that the child had her great grave eyes, full of inquiry, fixed upon him. "You don't know what I am doing?" said the medical man lightly to the young lady. "Yes—I do," was the prompt reply. "You are making love to mamma."

All Greek to Them

Æsculapius was giving a lecture.

"Finally," said the father of medicine, "write your prescriptions in Latin and your bills in good plain English."

"But," asked the students, "where does our native tongue come in?"

"That's just it," he answered, "the patient's condition is usually Greek to you."

Cheered by this exposition, they went forth to practice their art.

A Young Anatomist

Some days ago two little fellows of seven and eight years old heard older people speaking of skeletons. The seven-year-old boy listened intently to the conversation, when the elder boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly:

"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I!" replied the younger. "I do know. I know for certain, I do!"

"Well, now, what is it?"

"It's bones with the people off!"

Partial Diagnosis

"What's the matter with him, doctor?" asked the worried father. The young physician took another look at the boy's tongue, felt his pulse again, noted his temperature, and proceeded to pour out some medicine. "I've forgotten the technical name for it," he replied, "but it ends in 'itis.' I'll fetch him out of it all right."

The Woman Who Wouldn't Get Well

Every physician at some time in his career comes across a woman patient who is not really ill, but who imagines that she is.

A certain clever young doctor was once worried and puzzled over such a case,—a lady of wealth and influence whom he disliked to offend by telling the truth.

One day he met an elder practitioner at a social gathering of medical men, and mentioned his trouble.

"Let me tell you a story," said the senior. "Some years ago, when I was practicing up in Maine, I had just such a case. The patient was a woman in the prime of life; she was as well as you or I, yet persisted in saying that she was ill, and kept her bed. After treating her for some time, I decided that it was merely a case of nerves, hysteria and laziness.

"Like yourself, I did not care to offend her by telling her the truth, for she was a person of importance, while I was a youngster with my reputation to make; so I continued to make my visits two or three times a week.

"One morning, however, on going into the sick-room I found some of her woman friends present, and greatly to my annoyance the patient commenced to upbraid me, saying that my treatment was doing her no good. That made me mad and I resolved to cure my lady.

"At my next visit I found her still in bed and

full of imaginary aches and pains. After listening for a few minutes, I said:

"'Mrs. Blank, I believe you are now cured, and just as able to be up and about as I am.'

"'Why, doctor,' she whined, 'how can you be so cruel!'

"'Nothing of the kind,' I replied. 'I want you to get right up out of bed and sit in that chair.'

"'You'll kill me, doctor!' she exclaimed. 'I simply can't do it!'

"'You can and you must!' I responded firmly. 'If you do not instantly get up, I will get into bed with you!' and I made as though to turn down the coverlets. Well, sir, the sick lady gave one screech, and hopped out on the floor as lively as a cricket."

The young doctor listened with avidity to this yarn, and shortly after went out. In about an hour he returned, his dress disheveled, hair awry, and with the marks of a contusion over one eye and a badly puffed-out nose.

"Why, what has happened to you?" was the astonished query from those present, who had heard the old doctor's story.

"Well, I made a call on my refractory patient," said the young physician, "and put into prac-

tice the remedy our friend tried so successfully. But it failed to work in my case."

"Why so?"

"Well, the lady's husband happened to be in the next room!"

Making a Diagnosis

Young Doctor (to patient): "Let me look at your tongue. H'm—troubled with dyspep——"

Patient: "Not a bit. I can eat sole-leather."

Young Doctor: "Let me feel your pulse. H'm—wakefulness at night?"

Patient: "Sleep like a top."

Young Doctor: "Let me listen to your heart. H'm—dizziness and pains in ——"

Patient: "No."

Young Doctor: "Let me test your breathing. H'm—easily tired, with an indisposition to mental exertion of any ——"

Patient: "No."

Young Doctor: "H'm—you are using too much tobacco."

Patient: "Never touch it in any shape."

Young Doctor: "You are too much confined to your desk. You need fresh air and ——"

Patient: "I'm a letter-carrier."

Young Doctor: "Let me see your

again. H'm—you are feverish at times, with a desire for water?"

Patient: "No; beer."

Young Doctor: "Do you drink beer?"

Patient: "Oh, yes!"

Young Doctor: "To excess?"

Patient: "No."

Young Doctor: "Tell me how many glasses a day."

Patient: "Sometimes more and sometimes fewer."

Young Doctor: "I thought so. We members of the medical profession are seldom deceived in our diagnosis of a case."

Patient: "Am I in any danger, doctor?"

Young Doctor: "No immediate danger; but it's lucky you called me in."

A Scientific Diagnosis

"What is your diagnosis?" asked the older physician of his young confrère, who is earnest but inexperienced, and who has been called in consultation.

"Well," says the younger medico, "there doesn't seem to be much the matter. The patient has a slight fever and some little tightness of the chest. I should say there was nothing *more* than a cold bothering him."

"My boy," said the older man, kindly, "you have gone about it wrong. Note these symptoms: A white marble stairway in the entrance hall, gold furniture in the parlor, cut glass and silver galore in the dining-room, two automobiles in the side yard, a solid mahogany ——"

"But what has that to do with the sickness of Mr. Gumpurse?"

"It has lots to do with it. The man has congestion of the bank account, and the proper move for us to make is to relieve that as much as possible."

CHAPTER III

Humors of the Profession

Lost Opportunities

DOCTOR E. COLEMAN, who practiced for many years in northeastern Ohio, was a surgeon in the War of 1812, and was stationed at Fort Meigs. Being in need of medical stores, he started for Cleveland to procure them. On his way he stopped for the night at the tavern of one Reed, on Black River, a noted place of resort at the time. In the morning the bill was presented, with an extra charge for whiskey.

"Whisky! whisky!" exclaimed the doctor, "why, I have had no whiskey."

"Well, you might have had," replied Reed, "as it was on the table, and you could have helped yourself if you wished."

The doctor paid the charge. On his return he put up at the same house, and on entering he noticed the decanter on the table, placed his saddle-bags by it, and helped himself liberally to its contents. After paying the usual charges the next morning, he informed the landlord that he had a bill of $5.00 against him for medicine.

"Medicine! medicine!" answered Reed, "why, I have had no medicine."

"Well, you might have had," replied the doctor; "it was on the table, and you could have helped yourself if you wished it."

Definition of a Skeleton

Little Ethel, who had been quite ill for some time, demanded of the fond mother a new assortment of toys. Among the new arrivals was a toy skeleton.

"What's this?" asked the doctor.

"Why, that's a skeleton," answered the little patient, quite surprised that the doctor should be so ignorant.

"And what's a skeleton?" asked the medical man.

"Why, a skeleton," promptly answered the little miss, "is a lady or—or—somebody with her inside out and her outside off."

Quick Action

One stormy night, when the roads of Connecticut were well-nigh impassable, a son of Erin came into a doctor's office and desired the dispenser of physic to go to see a friend who was "jist a-dyin'." He would not take no for an

answer; so, putting the saddle-bags upon his horse, the physician started out upon his journey. As soon as he saw the sick man he knew that the end was near, and remarked to the courier:

"Peter, you told the truth: your friend is just at the point of death."

"Can't ye do ainything for him?" asked Peter.

"No; it is too late."

"But, docthor, ain't ye goin' to give him ainything at all, at all?"

"It will do no good."

"But, docthor, ye have come so far, it would be too bad to go back without doin' ainything."

For the peace of Peter's mind, the doctor now took a small quantity of sugar from a phial, and placed it upon the dying man's tongue just as he was drawing his last breath.

Peter, seeing his friend's head drop back, looked up to the doctor with big eyes and said, half in a whisper, "Oh, docthor, an' didn't ye do it quick!"

Hobson's Choice

A good anecdote is told of a certain bishop who was ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Algiers. The bishop said he had too many engagements.

"Well," said the specialist, "it means either Algiers or Heaven."

"Oh, in that case," said the bishop, "I'll go to Algiers."

The Doctor's Pot

Once in a while something besides micro-organism is grist to the bacteriologist.

Not long ago a friend dropped in at the laboratory of a young specialist, and found him bending over a spirit lamp, on which a small pot bubbled.

"What is it to-night?" asked the visitor.

"Guess," returned the professor, invitingly.

"Micrococci?"

"No."

"Sonococci?"

"No."

"Spirochaeta?"

"No."

The visitor ran the scale of micro-organism as far as he knew it, and then said:

"Well, I give it up! What is in the pot?"

"Sausages," replied the professor, blandly.

A Question of Temperature

A Scotch doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art

of taking and recording his master's temperature, with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning he was met by the butler, to whom he said, "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day."

The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysel'. Ye see he died at twal o'clock."

The Doctor's Twins

A worthy St. Louis doctor, while enjoying a holiday in the country, took the opportunity along with a friend to go fishing. During operations the doctor's sinker came off and was lost.

Here was a dilemma—no sinker, no more fishing that day. Ha? Happy thought; he had a bottle in his pocket! The bottle was filled with water, carefully corked, and sent down on its mission.

After a few minutes' interval, the doctor had "a bite," and pulled up his line at racing speed, finding a fine pair of fish, one on each hook.

"Ha! doctor, twins this time!" exclaimed his companion.

"Yes," quoth the doctor, "and brought up on a bottle too."

Much Too Healthy

Real Estate Agent: "Yes, sir, I've got the very thing that will suit you—beautiful house and fine situation."

Client: "Fine situation, eh?"

Real Estate Agent: "Splendid situation, sir."

Client: "Healthy place?"

Real Estate Agent: "Healthy! I should think so. Why, sir, in that district sickness is practically unknown."

Client: "Ah, well, then, the house won't suit me. You see, I'm a doctor."

Consideration for the Fly

A good story is told of Dr. Gruby, who was famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty, and was logical enough to include insects in his merciful endeavors.

When, one day, a big blue fly buzzed uninterruptedly on a window-pane in his parlor, Dr. Gruby called his man-servant.

"Do me the kindness," said the doctor, "to open the window and carefully put that fly outside."

"But, sir," said the servant, who thought of the furniture in the room getting wet by the rain

coming in through the open casement, "it is raining hard outside."

The doctor still thought of the fly and not of his cushions.

"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then, please put the little creature in the waiting-room and let him stay there until the weather is fair."

Good Advice

Caller: "My health and digestion are perfect, doctor. I haven't an ache or a pain. The trouble with me is that I can't sleep at night."

Physician: "If that is the case, sir, I suggest that you consult your spiritual adviser rather than me."

No Reason for Two Trips

Patrick's wife was "ailing" and Patrick put on his Sunday best and walked four miles to the doctor's house to tell him about her.

"Now," said the doctor, when he had heard all Pat had to say and had prepared some medicine, "here is something for your wife. I've written the directions on the bottle, and I want her to try it faithfully for a fortnight. Then, if it doesn't relieve her, come to me again, and I will give you another prescription.".

"Now, docthor, see here," said Patrick, standing straight and looking grimly at the physician. "If you have your doubts o' this curin' Mary, as it's ivident that you have by the way you spake, why don't you give me first what you're goin' to give me last?"

Good for Man or Mule

An old darky driving a balky mule came to a full stop before a doctor's office. Quite a crowd gathered, jeering and laughing at the old man's futile attempts to start the "critter." Hearing the noise, the physician came to the door, and seeing what was the matter, disappeared into his office for a few moments, then came out bearing a large hypodermic syringe in his hand, with which he proceeded to "jab" the mule several times. In a very brief while the mule came to his surprised senses, and before the darky driver could mount the wagon started off down the road at a terrific gait.

His master started after on a dead run, but was speedily out-distanced. Returning to the doctor's office, breathless and perspiring, he exclaimed:

"Say, doc, jes' put some ob dat er stuff inter me, fur I gotter ketch dat mule!"

Dr. Osler's Advice

Dr. William Bull of New York, once asked Dr. Osler to join him in a drive in his gig. The horse grew restive. "Gently," said Dr. Osler, "don't irritate him. Always soothe your horse, William. You'll do better without me. Let me down."

Once safe on the ground, however, "Now, William," said the doctor, "touch him up; never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up—conquer him—do not spare him. And now I'll leave you to manage him; I'll walk back."

One Good Thing About It

"Would you marry a doctor?" asked the girl with the dreamy eyes.

"Oh, I don't know," replied her chum. "Sometimes I think it would be rather pleasant to be a doctor's wife."

"Dear me! I don't think so. I should just hate it. You'd never get any sympathy when you didn't feel well."

"Perhaps not, but if one's husband were a doctor, you know, he would have so many chances to see other women when they were not fixed up for company."

Getting Their Fees

Even more than fee gratefully paid does a humorous physician enjoy an extra fee adroitly drawn from the hand of a reluctant payer. Sir Richard Jebb was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. Sir Richard dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them—three, and only three. Instead of walking off, Sir Richard continued his search on the carpet.

"Are all the guineas found?" asked his lordship, looking round.

"There must be two still on the floor," was the answer, "for I have only three." The hint, of course, was taken, and the right sum put down.

An eminent Bristol doctor accomplished a greater feat than this, and took a fee from a dead commoner, not a live lord. Coming into his patient's bedroom immediately after death had taken place, he found the right hand of the deceased tightly clenched. Opening the fingers he discovered within them a guinea. "Ah, that was for me, clearly," said the doctor, putting the piece into his pocket.

A Necessary Alteration

Patient: "As we have known each other so long, doctor, I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But I have left you a handsome legacy in my will."

Physician: "Very kind of you, I am sure. Allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration I should like to make in it."

Can't Do Everything

"Dis here radium," said Uncle Eben, "may turn a cullud man white, but it can't make a complete job ob it onless it kin spoil his appetite for policy, persimmons an' 'possum."

Obeyed the Specialist's Orders

A celebrated specialist, to whom time was literally money, and who was possessed of a fiery temper, made it a rule that all patients should undress before entering his consulting room so as not to waste any of his valuable time. One day a meek-looking little man entered with all his clothes on.

"What do you mean by coming in like that?" asked the doctor, in a rage. "Go and strip at once."

"But I ——" faltered the man.

"I tell you I've no time to waste," yelled the doctor, and the poor man left the room in haste. When his turn came he reëntered the room. "Now then," said the doctor, "that's better. What can I do for you?"

"I called to collect your subscription for the benevolent society."

Almost Time

The convention of physicians was called hurriedly and secretly. Dr. Killman rose to speak. "Gentlemen of the profession," he said, "something must be done. Our automobile tires are wearing out, our daughters' music lessons are unpaid, and nearly all our good patrons have already been operated upon for appendicitis. What shall we do?"

"Let's discover a new microbe!" said Dr. Quack.

The motion was carried unanimously, and a wave of sickness wafted ducats to the doctors' coffers.

Expensive Illness

Doctor: "I am slightly in doubt as to whether yours is a constitutional disease, or not."

Patient: "For heaven's sake, doctor, have I

got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States Supreme Court to find out?"

Gangrenous Patriotism

At Marty Maloney's wake a tinge of patriotism is manifest, as the following bit of conversation will show:

"Phat did he die of, Mrs. Maloney?"

"Gangrene, Mr. Finnegan!"

"Well, thank Hivin for the color, Mrs. Maloney!"

Community of Interest

Puck states that the stork and the doctor met at the door.

"We should be friends," said the doctor. "We have much in common."

"It is true we are both bipeds," admitted the stork, guardedly.

Here the doctor showed his bill.

"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed the stork. "Well, you are a bird!"

A Question in Bugology

Question: "If germs germinate in Germany and parasites reside in Paris, what will we find in Cork?"

Answer: "Mike-robes."

When Sir Conan Doyle Was a Doctor

An American lady asked Conan Doyle one day why he had given up the practice of medicine. He said the work was too hard, and to prove it he went on to tell of his first case:

My first case came to me in the middle of the night. It was January and a cold rain was falling. The jangle of the door-bell awoke me from a sound sleep, and, shivering and yawning, I put my head out of the window and said: "Who's there?"

"Doctor," said a voice, "can you come to Peter Smith's house at once?"

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Smith's youngest girl has took a dose of laudanum in mistake for paregoric, and we're afraid she'll die."

"All right, I'll come," said I.

I tramped three miles through the cold rain to Smith's. Twice on the way I fell on the icy road, and once my hat blew off and in the darkness I was nearly half an hour finding it. Finally though, I reached Smith's; but the house was dark—shutters all closed—not a light. I rang the bell. No answer. At last a head stuck itself gingerly out of a third-story window.

"Be you Dr. Doyle?" it said.

"Yes," said I, "let me in."

"Oh, no need to come in, doctor," said the head. "The child's all right now, sleeping very quiet."

"But how much laudanum did you give it?" said I.

"Only two drops, doctor—not enough to hurt a cat. I guess I'd better take my head in now. The night air is cold. Good-night. Sorry to have troubled you."

I buttoned my coat and turned homeward, trying as best I could to stifle my mortification and anger. But suddenly the window was raised again, and the same voice cried: "Doctor! I say, doctor!"

I hurried back. I thought the child had suddenly taken a turn for the worse. "Well, what do you want?" I said.

The voice made answer: "Ye won't charge nothin' for this visit, will ye?"

An Inappropriate Time

The following incident fell under the observation of one of the best-known members of the faculty of the Physicians and Surgeons' Medical College recently:

An Irish woman was ill—more seriously so than she had thought. On careful diagnosis it

was found that extreme care was necessary in her case, so the attending physician said:

"I suspect it will be absolutely necessary for you to have a trained nurse."

"Oh, now, doctor!" exclaimed the patient, "do yez know that's been something I've alwez jist longed t' have in the house. It's alwez been me ambition t' have a thrained nur-rse at some time or another. But, docthor, honest t' goodness, I'm feelin' that bad jist now I don't belave I'll be able t' wait on wan of them."

An Eye-Opener

Dr. Pillem: "Did you administer the opiate at nine o'clock, as I directed?"

Mrs. Gamp (with a sniff): "That I did, sir, but it seemed a pity to have to wake the poor man out of the first sound sleep he's had in four days to give it to him."

His Last Request

Poor Feebles (about to be operated on for appendicitis): "Doctor, before you begin, I wish you would send and have our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harps, come over."

Dr. Cutter: "Certainly, if you wish it, but—ah!"

Poor Feebles: "I'd like to be opened with prayer."

Just Like Doctors

Visitor (to widow): "I am so sorry to hear of the sudden death of your husband. Did they hold a post-mortem examination?"

"Yes, and like all those doctors, they did not hold it until he was dead, or they might have saved his life."

A Cheaper Way

Doctor: "To take the rest-cure will cost you one hundred dollars a week."

Henpeck: "Why, doctor, I can send my wife away to the country for half that."

CHAPTER IV

The Ignorant Patient

A New Disease

"DURING a season of heavy rains in California," says a well-known physician, "I was visiting a patient sinking rapidly under a malignant disease, and being much absorbed in noting its ravages and the prospect of speedy death, I was so impolite as not to listen to a rather lengthy account which the mother was giving of the sufferings of the family during the flood on the Sacramento. That she might suppose her story not entirely lost, and to cover my negligence, I inquired, as she paused, if the family suffered much from the inundations.

"She looked at me a moment in some perplexity, and replied, 'No, I don't know as they suffered with that; but they did suffer awful with the sore throat!'"

The Glass Cure

The rule of most doctors never to be nonplussed must have been exceedingly difficult to

follow in the case of the physician who figures in the following story:

A Pennsylvania doctor had an Irish woman for a patient for many years. He once pulled her through a lingering attack of typhoid fever, and of course took her temperature from time to time by having her hold a thermometer under her tongue.

When she had nearly recovered he called one day, left a simple prescription and started homeward. About three miles from her house he was overtaken by her son on horseback.

"Mother is worse," said the boy; "come right back."

Back the doctor went.

"Docthor," said the old lady, reproachfully, as he entered the sick-room, "why did ye not give me the jigger undther me tongue? That did me more good than all the rest of yer thrash!"

A Tubular Malady

"Yes, my old man he's right poorly. The doctor says he won't never be no better."

"But what is the matter? He seems to be strong and healthy-looking."

"Yes, miss, but he's got the chronicles."

"The chronicles?" echoed her listener. "Where—where does he have them?"

"In his tubes, miss."

And it needed an elucidation from the man's physician before the district nurse discovered that the man had chronic bronchial trouble.

Only a Pair

In his early practice Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, the eminent New York specialist, one day received a letter from a man living in a remote part of Connecticut. The writer explained that he was afflicted with growing deafness, and that a summer visitor to the neighborhood had suggested his going to New York and consulting Dr. Roosa. After describing the symptoms the man ended by asking what was the probable nature of his trouble. Dr. Roosa suspected from the tone of the communication that the case was not for him, but he, of course, replied, advising the man to consult a local physician, and adding in answer to his direct inquiry: "From what you say I should presume that your difficulty arises from a diseased condition of the middle ear."

Two days later the doctor found this among his mail:

"Dear Sir: Yours received and contents noted. What do you take me for—a ring-streaked willipus-wallipus? You talk about my middle ear; how many ears do you think I've got—three? or five? My ears may be pretty long, and I guess they are, or I wouldn't be writing to no New York doctor for advice; but I'd have you to understand that I've got just two of them, and no more, like other folks, so there ain't no middle one. Don't get fresh!"

A Severe Prescription

Doctor: "What! Your dyspepsia no better? Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

Patient: "I tried to, doctor, but I was unable to keep it up for more than five minutes at a stretch."

Difficulties of Medicines

In Jackson, Mississippi, there is an old negro who all his life has complained of numerous ailments. Nothing pleases him more than to expatiate on his "misery."

One day an old doctor met the aged Jake, and the following conversation ensued:

"Well, Jake, how are the headaches to-day, and the liver, and the gout in your left foot?"

"Thankee, Mistah Jenkins, they'se doing putty well, thankee, sah. I'se takin' a powahful lot o' medicine lately."

"That so, Jake? What are you taking?"

"Oh, I'se takin' some powdahs fo' de head, some little pills fo' de liver, and some bottled stuff fo' de gout. But I ain't got much faith in medicine. All mah life, sah, I'se been frettin' myself to figah out how dem diff'rent kinds o' medicine gits in de right place arter you takes 'em into yo' system."

He Did Not Know the Stuff

The American druggist or chemist, who so often prescribes for the simple ailments of sundry and divers customers, meets with some funny experiences.

A colored man once entered a drug store, bought Seidlitz powders, and asked for water. The druggist directed him to the back part of the store, and a minute after trouble began.

"Lawdy, mistah! I'se done poisoned, shuah!"

A groan followed, then silence, and another groan.

"Mistah! Doctah! Come quick! I'se dyin'!" the voice cried again, but with more agony in its tone.

A moment later there was a sound of shuffling feet, and the colored man rushed towards the centre of the store, frothing as if in the throes of hydrophobia.

When it was all over the druggist asked the man how he had taken the powders.

"I done took dè blue one fust, in some watah. Den I took de white one."

"And then?" queried the druggist.

"Den I began to feel as if a young cyclone had done gone an' got tearin' around in my insides, an' nex' t'ing I knows I'se feelin' like I wuz chokin' to death."

"No wonder," said the druggist. "You should have mixed the two powders in the water before taking them. You're lucky to have escaped so easily. The effervescence would have blown you up like a balloon if your throat had not acted as a vent."

"Dat's it, boss. I did feel like a balloon, shuah! Nex' time I knows bettah."

And the man that, a minute or two previously, had imagined himself poisoned, grinned as he went out of the door.

Up Against It

Another case related by a druggist is that of a white man who had been advised to use lithia tablets as a remedy for rheumatism. He bought a bottle of the tablets, but failed to read the directions. Generally a tablet is allowed to effervesce in water before it is taken, but this man took his first tablet dry. Immediately there was a commotion in his stomach that can be appreciated only by persons who have watched a lithia tablet generating gas in a glass of water.

"Great Scott! What am I up against!" he said after swallowing the tablet. "I feel like a boiler must feel just before it bursts."

Not an Explosive

"A case that amused me," said another druggist, "was that of a colored woman for whom I had filled a prescription. There was considerable ammonia in the medicine. After the woman had taken a few doses she brought the bottle back.

"'Say, mistah!' she exclaimed, 'I'se 'fraid to take dis stuff.'

"'What's the matter with it?' I asked.

"'Well, suh, it's so powahful strong it blowed de cork outen de bottle, an' I'se 'fraid it might blow me up.'

"She had kept the bottle in a warm place, and ammonia gas had generated. I quieted her fears by explaining that the doctor would give her nothing of an explosive nature."

Following Doctor's Orders

"Ma wants a package of dye and she wants a fashionable color," said a little girl to a druggist.

"A fashionable color!" echoed the pharmacist. "What does she want it for; eggs or clothes?"

"Well," replied the girl, "the doctor says ma has stomach trouble and ought to diet. And ma says if she has to dye it she might as well dye it a fashionable color."

Boiling Water as a Drink

Mahoole: "Ain't yez th' wan what towld me niver to dhrink wather widout boilin'?"

Physician: "Yes, sir."

Mahoole: "Thin Oi hov a moind to murther ye. Oi dhrank boiled wather an' awlmost burned me mouth off."

Exact Obedience

Bedelia: "Phat are yez doin' takin' the lock off the cupboard dure, Pat? Are yez crazy?"

Pat: "No, darlint; the docthor tould me to-day thot I must quit boltin' me food—an' I'm goin' to obey insthructions!"

CHAPTER V

On the Doctor

Advertising Both Houses

IT is a peculiar belief among the youngsters of many families that the new baby sister or brother is the gracious gift of the family physician, and this belief is generally based upon the solemn assurance of papa and mamma, who have to tell some fairy-story in order to tide over those events that occur occasionally in the best regulated families. Now and then a boy takes the law into his own hands and makes a mess of it. An instance of this kind was related at the last meeting of the Medical Society. It seems that the young son of a well-known tailor and the young son of a well-known doctor were very chummy, and the former accompanied the latter one afternoon on an advertising expedition. The advertising was done by means of a paint brush being quickly traced over any smooth piece of wood or stone encountered, and called upon the male population to purchase their trousers from Brown. Well, in the evening the doctor's boy-

ful returned, and his paternal derivative asked him what he had been doing during the day.

"Advertising," quoth the boy.

"Advertising whom?" inquired the father.

"You and Mr. Brown" (the tailor).

"Me?"

"Yes."

"How did you advertise me?"

"Oh, we fixed up a sign that said, 'Buy your trousers from Mr. Brown and your babies from Dr. Jones,'" said the boy calmly.

The doctor gasped for breath, thinking that the boy was having undue fun with him, but he soon found out that his hope and joy was telling the truth, and it cost him money the next day to go over the boy's route and rub out all the advertisements.

The Biter Bit

The following amusing tale was recently told to his class by Professor Comstock, of Cornell, in speaking of the trials of scientists. It appears that a professor of invertebrate zoölogy in a sister university wished to procure some trichinous pork for purposes of experiment. The learned scientist went to his butcher and asked him if he ever got any measly pork.

"Sometimes," the butcher cautiously answered, "but I always throw it away."

"Well," said the professor, "the next time you have any I wish you'd send up some," meaning, of course, to his laboratory.

The butcher, though somewhat taken aback, said that he would. Three weeks passed, when the professor, growing impatient, again visited the store.

"Haven't you found any measly pork yet?"

"Why, yes," said the butcher; "I sent up two pounds a week ago."

A sickly grin broke over the professor's face.

"Where did you send it?"

"Why, to your house, of course," said the butcher.

The professor then remembered that the preceding week he and his family had enjoyed a boiled pork dinner.

Close Shaving

The following is told of a politician in a Pennsylvania town well-known for its ardent support of the principles of the Prohibition party. According to the physician, who was consulted by this man, who fancied himself quite ill, he was told that there was really nothing the matter with him. "What you need,"

said the doctor, "is a stimulant—a little whisky now and then will make you all right in no time."

"Whisky!" gasped the politician. "Why, doctor, my folks wouldn't stand such a thing for a minute! Don't you know that I am a Prohibitionist?"

"I think," replied the physician, "that the difficulty may be overcome. I have a jug of excellent liquor and will send you some of that. You take a tablespoonful in hot water three or four times a day."

"But, doctor," persisted the Prohibitionist, "when I send for the hot water the family may suspect something."

"You shave, don't you?" suggested the physician. "Send your shaving mug downstairs. The hot water may be sent to you in that."

A week later the physician called to see how his patient was getting on. Every one in the house seemed to be greatly perturbed. In response to the doctor's surprised query, the family chorused:

"Oh, he's all right physically, doctor, but we really think he's quite out of his mind. Why, he's been shaving himself every hour or so for a week!"

Quite So

Some little time ago a certain medical gentleman was obliged to discharge his coachman for drunkenness.

The doctor bore no malice and would have befriended his old servant, but John was of opinion that he had been badly treated.

John came down in the world, and one morning he was driving a fat beast to the local butcher's slaughterhouse when he was accosted by his old master.

"Ah, John, John!" said the doctor, gravely. "See what drink has done for you! Instead of having a comfortable berth you earn an odd shilling by driving those poor things to their death."

"Yes, quite so," admitted John, who had by no means forgiven his former employer; "I drives poor things to their death now, while"—viciously—"I might still ha' been driving death to poor things."

The Wrong Kid

Mrs. Briske: "Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?"

Little Johnny (stopping his play): "Yes'm. He felt my pulse and looked at my tongue, and

shook his head, and said it was a very serious case, and he left this paper, and said he'd call again before night."

Mrs. Briske: "Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby."

A Close Call

Mrs. Sharpe: "See here, Robert! What are all those red, white and blue disks I found in your pocket?"

Dr. S. (Professor of Histology, etc.): "Eh? —Why—those—are—that is—I use chi—I mean disks—to illustrate my lectures on the blood. You see the white ones represent the white corpuscles, and the red ones the red corpuscles of the blood."

Mrs. S. "And what do the blue ones represent?"

Dr. S. "The—blue—ones?—Oh! yes—h'm—why they represent the corpuscles of the venous blood."

Not Deserving of Recognition

"By the way," said the gentlemanly looking person in the black broadcloth suit, "if you mention my name in connection with the accident, you may say that 'Dr. Swankem was called

and the fractured arm was suitably bandaged,' or something to that effect. Please spell the name correctly. Here's my card."

"Thanks," said the reporter, looking at the card. "You are next door to Dr. Rybold, I believe. Are you acquainted with him?"

"No, sir," replied Dr. Swankem stiffly. "We do not recognize Dr. Rybold as a member of the profession. He advertises."

He Got His Fee

An eminent physician in Philadelphia had cured a little child of a dangerous illness. The grateful mother turned her steps toward the house of her son's saviour.

"Doctor," she said, "there are some things which cannot be repaid. I really don't know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hand."

"Madam," replied the doctor, coldly, "medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are to be rewarded only in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendships, but they do not sustain our families."

"But, doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak—tell me the fee."

"Two hundred dollars, madam."

The lady opened the embroidered purse, took out five bank notes of $100.00 each, gave two to the doctor, put the remaining three back in the purse, bowed coldly, and took her departure.

His Revenge

A Chicago fireman laughed so hard at a story that he fell down and broke his skull. When he regained consciousness his first words were:

"Say, Billy, tell the doctor that story."

Was Too Old For That

A young doctor, whose love of flowers and all things green and growing compelled him to establish his home in one of the suburban towns, invited his old chum Brown to spend Sunday on the farm.

Brown was received with appropriate honors, and all the attractions were duly displayed to his polite but not over-appreciative gaze, for he was somewhat deficient in that primal passion for a garden which has come down through the generations from Adam.

At each meal he listened courteously to eulogies of "our own make" viands. He bore

patiently "our own milk," "lettuce from that frame you saw," "peas off the vine," and so on. But at last it came to this: —

"Harry, I can recommend this chicken especially. I raised it myself."

Then the worm turned—after the first mouthful of chicken—and with a sad smile he remarked: —

"No, Will, I can't believe that. You've been here only a little over two years."

Sorry For the Queen

An English professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:

"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to her Majesty, Queen Victoria."

In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that some student-wag had added to the announcement the words:

"God save the Queen!"

One for the Professor

In the Medical Department of Columbia University there was a professor who had a very high opinion of himself; he also disliked to as-

sist the students in any personal way, and was noted for propounding difficult questions during examination.

One day, after a lengthy lecture, one of the students, with a perplexed air, walked up to the doctor and asked him to explain why his theory of a certain phenomenon should be accepted to the exclusion of all others, and also gave his reason for believing another theory to be the better. This question was a little too difficult for the lecturer to answer off-hand, so, with a contemptuous look, he replied:

"My dear sir, are you aware that fools often ask questions that wise men can't answer?"

The undergraduate, with a semblance of a smile on his lips, replied:

"Is that the reason, sir, why so many of us are plucked at your exams.?"

Not the Worst

As an instance of the sort of thing one might wish to have expressed differently, a prominent physician reports a remark made to him by a patient.

The doctor had written a note to the lady, and on his next visit she asked him to tell her what two words in it were, as she had been unable to decipher them.

"It has been said of me that my writing is the worst thing about me," said the physician, laughingly, as he surveyed his own scrawl with doubt.

"Oh, but I'm sure that is not so!" was the hasty disclaimer. "Far from it, doctor, far from it!"

Absent-Minded Stanford Professor

Doctor Oliver Peebles Jenkins, of Stanford University, is head professor of the department of zoölogy. He is a scientist, and, therefore, a deep thinker, and consequently often preoccupied and absent-minded. His most recent adventure attributable to his absent-minded propensities is at present furnishing much amusement for the faculty.

He was reading one evening after dinner when his wife approached and, touching him on the shoulder, remarked softly, "Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go up-stairs and put on your other coat."

The quiet little professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped up-stairs to see what detained Dr. Jenkins. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping.

"Oh, to be sure, the Branners," he said when she awakened him. "I'll be right down. I guess I was a little absent-minded. I must have forgotten what I came for when I removed my coat, for I kept right on undressing and went to bed."

The Mistaken Diagnosis

Albert Levering, the black-and-white artist responsible for so many "comics," used to live in Chicago, but has since transferred his allegiance to New York. He took his hypochondriacal tendencies with him and they are still in good working order. His favorite pastime is to read of some deadly disease, preferably a new one, go to bed imagining he has it, lie awake all night, see his doctor in the morning and get assurance that he is in perfect health, and then go back cheerfully to work.

One morning not long ago he turned up at the doctor's just as the man of medicine was getting into his carriage.

"I'm in a hurry," called the doctor, "and can't stop to see you, but it's all right—you haven't got it."

"Haven't got what?" asked the astonished artist.

"Whatever it is you think you've got. Not a symptom of it. Good-bye," and he drove away.

"Well, now," said Levering, turning to a lamp-post as the only witness of the scene, "that's the time he's mistaken. I know I have got it—ten dollars in my pocket to pay his last bill, but if he's sure I haven't I'll try to get in line with his diagnosis," and he went around to the nearest junkshop and invested the money in a pair of brass candlesticks and a copper kettle.

Locating the Bullet

"When I was a little more inexperienced than I am now," said an American army surgeon, "I had a very embarrassing time performing an operation on an officer who had been shot in the abdomen. It was in the Cuban campaign, and after an engagement this man came in suffering terribly from a flesh wound below the ribs.

"I have hardly ever seen such calm endurance of such agony. He positively refused to take anything to put him out of consciousness. 'Blaze away!' said he. So another assistant and I went to work on him. After we had puttered around for five minutes with probes and scalpels, and when our patient must have been

wearied with pain and loss of blood, he raised his head enough to look at us.

"'What in thunder are you fellows doing?' said he. 'Why don't you get busy and sew up that wound?'

"'We are probing for the bullet,' said I.

"'Probing for the bullet!' he exclaimed. 'Why, you idiots, I've got the bullet here in my pocket!'"

The Wrong Side

Doctor Stearns, of Waverly, New York, has a large practice and owns a large farm. Pat Malrooney worked for the doctor, and was sent one day to do a job on the east side of a very steep, high hill. The sun always passed behind the hill a long time before it was sunset according to the almanac. On that day the sun disappeared as usual, and Pat went to the house. The doctor asked him why he had quit work so early.

"And shure," said Pat, "I worked until sundown."

"Why," said the doctor, "it is not sundown yet—don't you see the sun shining?" pointing across the lake.

"And faith, sir, I was not working over there at all, at all!"

Quite A Difference

Dr. Gorem: "Oh, yes, my boy, I have fought for my country."

Boy: "Weren't you scared, pa?"

Dr. Gorem: "Scared? I guess you wouldn't have thought so if you had seen me charge the enemy."

Boy: "You charged 'em all right, I bet, but you couldn't make 'em pay, could you?"

Hasty Inferences

There was once a rather obscure Englishman, who, after being converted, read his Bible so assiduously,—in preference to a newspaper—that his wife became concerned for his sanity, and he was subsequently examined by a specialist in lunacy, with a funny and pathetic result. The doctor's first questions were "feelers."

"I mean," said he at length, slowly and very impressively, "do you see things that other people do not see?"

"Alas, yes!" was the patient's reply. "I see Folly stalking on a 'obby 'orse."

"Do you, really? Anything else?" asked the doctor, making a note of the fact.

"I see Wickedness and Vice beating the land with their wings."

"Sees things beating with their wings," wrote down the doctor.

"I see Misery and Un'appiness everywhere."

"Has delusions," wrote the doctor. "Do you think your wife puts things in your tea?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" thought the doctor. "That's what I wanted to get at—thinks people are trying to poison him. What is it she puts in, my man?"

"Milk and sugar," answered the patient.

"Um!" said the specialist. Then he wrote, "Very dull mentally!"

Doctor Jenkins and His Jokes

Dr. William T. Jenkins has been in public office in New York so many years that only the very oldest newspaper reporters remember the time he was not a deputy coroner or something higher on the official roll. In appearance he is rather short, florid, somewhat stout, mild-mannered, and more than almost any other official in Gotham he answers to the misused term, "genial." For many years, with few interruptions, the doctor has been Health Officer of the Port, and in that capacity has made himself the friend of every ship news reporter in the city—except one.

He lost this man's friendship through his fondness for practical jokes. The doctor is an inveterate wag. This reporter was, like all other beginners serving their apprenticeship, down at Quarantine Station on Staten Island. He was honest, simple-minded, credulous and industrious, and the other reporters had rare sport with him. At length the doctor took a hand. The tyro had already been led into writing such improbable items as, "The California day boat has been driven ashore on Mosquito bar by a Jersey sand storm. No lives lost," and "The Peruvian bark *Calisaya* is four days overdue," and had been properly admonished by his city editor for his gullibility; but, when the health officer one night told him gravely that he had "fumigated twelve thousand crates of molasses," he believed it, and wrote it, and was transferred on account of it.

It was years before the reporter had his turn, but it came, as all things do to him who waits. A Sunday newspaper hired him to furnish a column of personal gossip, and he led it off one day with a pleasant little item to the effect that Doctor Jenkins was trying to buy a match for a three months' old black and white kitten, and was willing to pay five dollars for a perfect duplicate of his pet. The result can better be

imagined than described. The reporter had paid back the debt with compound interest. A month after this had appeared and Quarantine Station had quieted down, albeit there were many times more kittens there than ever before, the vengeful reporter wrote the following connection:

"The item about Doctor Jenkins and his kitten was an error. The genial doctor does not care for a kitten. It is a black and white puppy-dog that he wants, and he will pay ten dollars for any pup that suits him. Free ferriage to and from the island for all persons having pups to sell."

No Offense

Jim Johnson was the colored man-of-all-chores in the home of a physician in one of our Western cities. He was very fastidious in his dress, and on one occasion took a decided fancy to a shirt owned by his employer. He at once purchased an exact duplicate. Thinking that probably he had not done right, he told the doctor's wife. She said it was not the thing for him to have done, as the shirts might get mixed in the wash. Jim's reply was, "Dat won't mattah, missus, fo' dey's both de same size an' price."

The Kleptomaniac

"A New York specialist got, on a certain morning, the card of one of the richest of our Western millionaires. He went down instantly and found a well-dressed man who said:

"'I am here, sir, on a delicate and painful matter. My wife is a victim of kleptomania, and, knowing your skill in mental diseases, I have brought her on for treatment under you.'

"'Bring the lady to see me to-morrow morning,' said the physician.

"'It will be best not to bring her to your office,' faltered the millionaire. 'The sight of other patients might excite her. I suggest ——'

"'I'll receive her in my drawing-room. Will that be better?' asked the physician.

"'Oh, much better,' said the other, in a relieved tone.

"And the next day the Western millionaire led into the physician's drawing-room a young woman of singular beauty. She was magnificently dressed, but her eyes were furtive and restless, and when she thought no one was looking at her, she secreted under her coat three or four valuable ornaments. The physician and Westerner smiled slightly at one another.

"The physician after his examination of the

patient, told the husband to return the next day alone.

"'And when I come,' the husband answered, 'I'll bring back these things that she has taken.'

"'Do,' said the physician.

"'I will,' said the Westerner.

"But he didn't. He won't. He and his wife are thieves, and they have worked their kleptomania dodge in nearly every city in America."

A Complimentary Notice

Dumas one day dined at the house of Dr. Gistal, a celebrity of Marseilles. After dinner the good doctor brought his distinguished guest an autograph album, and asked him to add his name to it.

"Certainly," said Dumas and he wrote: "Since the famous Dr. Gistal began to practice here, they have demolished the hospital ——"

"Flattery!" cried the delighted doctor.

"And on its site made a cemetery," added the author.

A Patient Patient

They tell of a Chicago physician who, opening the door of his consultation room, asked: "Who has been waiting the longest?"

A tailor who had called to present his bill rose and said: "I have, doctor; I delivered your clothes to you three years ago."

The Worm Will Turn

Exacting Customer: "Are you sure you've got that medicine mixed right?"

Druggist: "No, I ain't; but I've got it mixed the way the doctor ordered it."

Costly Courtesy

He tells it himself, and as he is one of New York's leading physicians and a member of the Amen Corner, it must be true. A patient of his, who is a politician of more than local fame, came to his office not long ago to consult him. After paying the consultation fee, $5, he asked the physician if he might use his telephone, to which the physician, his fee in his fob, gave cheerful consent, withdrawing, out of delicacy, to another room, while the conversation over the 'phone was being held. The patient finished after a while.

"I'm very much obliged, doctor," said he.

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow!" said the doctor. "Don't mention it!"

The patient went his way. A few days afterward the physician received his monthly tele-

phone bill. One of the items on it was "Conversation with Boston, $6.75." The doctor had talked with no one in Boston, but the date was the day on which the patient had borrowed his telephone, after paying his $5 fee.

"He talked his fee to Boston, sure enough," says the physician, telling about it, "but seems to me the joke would have been just as good if he had stopped at that."

Rather Hard on Dr. B.

A great specialist had been called in consultation by Dr. B., a clever and skilful physician, but without the years of experience that made Dr. T. the idol of the countryside. As the two doctors bent over the patient, a lad of twenty, his eyes opened and a gleam of fun lighted in them.

"I am so glad you could come, Dr. T.," he whispered. "You can't do anything for me— I'm dying; but if you hadn't come the folks would have thought all the rest of their lives that I had died with no one here but Dr. B."

Why the Pickled Cabbage Failed

A recent author relates the following incident of an ignorant physician who was called to see *a patient* suffering from typhus fever: —

"The doctor considered the case hopeless, but prescribed for the patient and took his leave. The next day, in passing, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead.

"'Dead!' was the reply. 'No: he is much better.'

"The doctor hastened up-stairs to obtain the solution of the miracle.

"'Why,' said the convalescent, 'I was consumed with thirst, and I drank a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage.'

"'Wonderful!' quoth the doctor; and out came his tablet, upon which he made this inscription: 'Cured of typhus fever, Mr. K. an upholsterer, by drinking a pailful of pickled cabbage juice.'

"Soon after the doctor was called to see another patient, who was suffering from the same malady. He forthwith prescribed, 'A pailful of pickled cabbage juice.'

"On calling the next day to congratulate his patient on his recovery, the physician was astonished to be told that the man was dead. In his bewilderment at these phenomena he came to this safe conclusion, and duly noted it in his memoranda: —

"'Although in cases of typhus fever, pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not to

be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer.'"

Silencing the Surgeon

At a certain dinner-table with General Miles one night was a distinguished Washington surgeon, who listened with a certain air of superiority to some of the soldier's reminiscences of various experiences during the Civil War.

"And how do you feel, General," he finally asked, with just a touch of sarcasm, "after you've professionally killed a man?"

"Oh," replied General Miles, "I dare say I don't mind doing that any more than you do."

CHAPTER VI

Peculiar Cases

A Perfect Gentleman

PATIENT (at the doctor's office): "I am almost ashamed to call on you, doctor—it is such a long time since I was ill last!"

When Doctors Disagree

A man who was troubled with a queer pain in the lower part of his chest went to five specialists of established reputation.

The first told him that his left lung was affected; the second, that he had heart disease; the third, that his liver was enlarged; the fourth, that he had a touch of muscular rheumatism; the fifth, that he was on the verge of nervous prostration. The cost of the enlightenment was fifty dollars.

He went home and related the experience to his mother. She made up a mustard plaster and put it on his back, low down, that night. The pain disappeared.

Some one once asked Ben Franklin if he d

not think the doctors did great good. "Yes," replied Ben, "if you include the old women among them."

And yet, when all is said, we somehow like to know that there is a doctor within easy reach.

Antemortem Inquest

"Dr. ———, of the State Board of Health, was in town yesterday, to hold an inquest over ———, who is suffering from smallpox."

No Unnecessary Talk

Dr. Abernethy was noted for his dislike of all unnecessary conversation, and people who came to consult him took care not to offend him by bootless prating. A lady on one occasion entered his consulting-room, and put before him an injured finger, without saying a word. In silence Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired. In a few days she called again, and offered her finger for inspection. "Better?" asked the surgeon. "Better," answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time. Not another word followed during the rest of the interview. Three or four similar

visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed. "Well?" was Abernethy's monosyllabic inquiry. "Well," was the lady's equally brief answer. "Upon my soul, madam!" exclaimed the delighted surgeon, "you are the most rational woman I ever met!"

Jenks Was Right

Farmer Jenks is a man who is so desirous of being considered infallible that he will suffer great inconvenience rather than relinquish that claim. "He'd rather have his own way than eat when he's hungry," says his wife, who, after long years of contention and final yielding, has learned to know him well.

Not long ago Farmer Jenks injured one of his fingers so severely that he was obliged to leave his work and go home to have it dressed.

"I tell you what, Jane," said he to his wife, "that finger'll have to come off."

"No, 'twon't either, father," said she, soothingly. "I've seen plenty of hurts worse'n that."

"Jane, I tell you 'twill! Don't you s'pose that I know what to expect of my own finger?"

The dispute ran high, and as usual the husband had the last word.

Days went on, and the finger grew worse rather than better, until at last it reached such a state that the doctor was called. He had not been in the room fifteen minutes when Farmer Jenks summoned his wife.

"Jane," said he, "come here, come here! What do you s'pose he says?"

"Well, I guess by the way you're smilin' he says it's all right," said she, also beginning to smile in relief. "I must say I am glad! Your forefinger, and on the right hand! It didn't seem to me I could be reconciled if it really had to come off——"

"But that's just it," interrupted her husband, still smiling in triumph, and looking at her with sparkling eyes. "It's got to come off; I told you so!"

She Outwitted John

A certain judge was summoned in a great hurry to see an old lady who had managed her farm herself for forty years, ever since her husband's death. She had two sons and a stepson, John, who was not an admirable person. After a long drive on a stormy night, the judge found *the old* lady apparently just alive, and was told

by the doctor in attendance to hurry the business as his patient was very weak.

The judge had brought paper and pen and ink with him. He found a stand and a candle, placed them at the head of the bed, and after saying a few words to the woman, told her he was ready to prepare the will if she would go on and tell him what she wanted to do.

He wrote the introductory phrase rapidly, and leaning over toward her said, "Now go on, Mrs. Norton."

Her voice was quite faint and she seemed to speak with an effort. "First of all I want to give the farm to my sons, Harry and James. Just put that down."

"But," said the judge, "you can't do that, Mrs. Norton. The farm isn't yours to give away."

"The farm isn't mine?" she said in a voice decidedly stronger than before.

"No, the farm isn't yours. You have only a life interest in it."

"This farm that I've run for going on forty-three years next spring isn't mine to do what I please with? Why not, judge? I'd like to know what you mean!"

"Why, Mr. Norton, your husband, gave you a life estate in all his property, and on your

death the farm goes to his son John, and your children get the village houses."

"And when I die, John Norton is to have this house and farm, whether I will or no?"

"Just so. It will be his."

"Then I ain't going to die," said the old woman in a clear and decidedly ringing and healthy voice. And so saying she threw her feet over the side of the bed, sat up, gathered a blanket and coverlet about her, straightened her gaunt form, walked across the room and sat down in a great chair before the fire.

The doctor and the judge went home. That was fifteen years ago. The old lady is alive to-day. And she accomplished her intent. She beat John after all. He died four years ago.

A Wonderful Remedy

"Is this the office of Quigley's Quick Cure?"

"Yes."

"Gimme six bottles for my wife."

"Tried all other remedies without success—eh?"

"No, she ain't ill at all; but I saw in your advertisement where a woman wrote, after taking six bottles, 'I am a different woman,' and I have hopes."

Unexpected

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your valuable medicine."

"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

Called to Prescribe For Jenny

He was a veterinary in a remote country district, and not only looked at the tongue and felt the pulse of the noble horse and useful cow, but also prescribed for the human kind when occasion demanded. Consequently he was not surprised late one night to receive a message telling him to come to the farm of an acquaintance as soon as possible, for Jenny was seriously ill.

Jenny was the name of the farmer's wife, and, thinking that it might possibly be a desperate case, the doctor harnessed his horse, and, throwing his medicine chest into the buggy, started for the home of his patient, five miles distant.

When he reached the farm it was nearly two o'clock in the morning and the place was as

dark as the interior of a tomb. A mob of howling, yelping dogs greeted him and, not daring to get out of the carriage unless he wanted to contract a few spells of hydrophobia, he patiently waited. Finally a light showed in the doorway and the farmer appeared with a gun in hand.

"Who's there an' what's wanted?" he demanded in an authoritative voice.

"It is the doctor," returned the veterinary in a cheery tone.

"Gee, doc," said the farmer, kicking a few of the dogs under the woodshed, "yer needn't hev come all the way out here to-night. I didn't kalkerlate that she would die afor' mornin' anyway."

"How is Jenny?" asked the doctor, "and what seems to be the trouble?"

"She cut loose an' et too durned much," replied the farmer.

"Acute dyspepsia, I suppose," suggested the doctor.

"I don't know what highfalutin' name you would call it," rejoined the agriculturist. "She has been all kinked up with cramps an' colic, but she is better now."

"What did you do for her?" asked the physician with professional anxiety.

"Took her out and galloped her up an' down the pike fer a while," answered the farmer.

"What!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes," returned the farmer, calmly, "but yer needn't worry, doc, she ain't much good anyhow, and I kin easily get another one."

"Well," said the doctor, a little coldly, "as long as I am out here I had better see your wife, and make sure ——"

"My wife!" interposed the farmer. "Well, say, doc, I ain't talkin' about Jinny, my wife; I'm talkin' about Jinny, my mule."

With this the farmer broke into a laugh that aroused the rest of the family and the neighboring dogs, and could hardly stop long enough to lead the doctor to the wagon house, where he kept the cider sucker.

McKinley's Stratagem

A year or two after the late President McKinley had begun the practice of law he distinguished himself in a humorous fashion in one of his first successful cases.

As often happens in court, the humor was not merely for the sake of the joke, but for serious purpose.

The case was brought against a surgeon, whom the plaintiff charged with having set his

leg so badly that it was bowed. McKinley defended the surgeon, and found himself pitted against one of the most brilliant lawyers of the American bar.

The latter brought his client into court and made him expose the injured limb to the jury. It was very crooked, and the case looked bad for the surgeon. But McKinley had both his eyes open, as usual, and fixed them keenly on the man's other leg. As soon as the plaintiff was under cross-examination by him he asked that the other leg should also be bared.

The plaintiff and his counsel objected vigorously but unavailingly. Then it appeared that the plaintiff's second leg was still more crooked than that which the surgeon had set.

"My client seems to have done better by this man than Nature herself did," said McKinley, "and I move that the case be dismissed, with a recommendation to the plaintiff that he have the other leg broken and then set by the surgeon who set the first one."

Between Two Opinions

A short time ago there came into a drug-store in a suburb of Boston a robust-looking Irish woman, leading by the hand her heir-presump-

tive—an ill-looking boy of about twelve years of age. Approaching the proprietor she addressed him in this wise:

"O docthor, sure the boy I have wid me is in a bad way, and has been for a long time; and a woman as knows a great dale told me that if I would buy a goat and give him the milk uv it, it would make a fine bit of a man of him; and sure me ould man was to a great expense of thirteen or fourteen dollars to get a goat and give the milk uv it to the boy. And then another woman, as knows a great dale more, told me that if I gave the goat's milk to a boy twelve or thirteen years old, it would make a blasted thief and robber uv him! Now, docthor, which of them is right?"

A Careful Patient

A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time grew impatient at the slow progress she was making and made complaint to her doctor.

"Madam," he said, "I can never cure you of this throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat a complete rest."

"But, doctor," objected his patient, "I'm very careful of what I say. I never use harsh language or anything of that kind."

The Doctor was Softened

A city physician who is described as possessing a "hair-trigger" temper, although he does not suspect it, tells of one of the many experiences which try his patience; but this one touched his sympathies too.

"It isn't often that I get out of patience," said the doctor, "but yesterday I was tried beyond endurance; worried by the senseless talk of women who make a fad of being invalids, and worried still worse over the case of a woman who has been smiling at death for months. Just as I thought my evening's work was over a stranger insisted on seeing me. She was young and elegantly dressed, and carried a covered basket on her arm.

"'I want you to see Toby,' she said. 'He has such a cough.' Here she opened the basket and took out an ordinary black and white cat. 'I took off his collar to have it mended, and I'm afraid he took cold, poor dear. Can't you help him?'

"I was angry all through. 'I am not a cat doctor, madam,' I said.

"I was going to ask her why she didn't find something better to take up her time than a cat, but she evidently did not see that I was out of patience.

"'But couldn't you do something for him?' she went on. 'We're so fond of him. He was our little girl's pet, the very last thing she ever spoke about before she died, and we prize it for her sake.'

"Yes, I could and I did. I treated that cat, and I'm proud to say I cured him."

A Delicate Case

Medical missionaries in the Orient frequently combine the practice of medicine with several other functions, notably those of judge and jury. Here is a story told by Dr. Lord, who for some years was connected with that noble American enterprise, Roberts College, Constantinople.

One day a patient and a convert to Christianity came to Dr. Lord, and asked if it was ever right to tell a lie. This was a staggerer for the doctor, and he said he would have to know the case before he could decide, although, on general principles, he did not think it was.

"The case is this," replied the seeker after truth. "A Turk, a stranger to me, living in Rustchuk, accused me of buying and receiving from him 1,000 sheep. I knew of no way of proving that I did not buy and receive these sheep, and the case must certainly go against

me. It came up for trial to-day, and after the charge had been made, I admitted that I had bought and received the sheep (which was a lie), and had at the same time paid for them in full. He couldn't prove that I had not, so the case was dismissed."

The doctor thought that if ever a lie was justifiable, this was certainly the time.

The Diplomatic Doctor

On his last visit to his birthplace—Hannibal, Missouri—Mark Twain told to the school children a true story about a schoolboy and a country doctor.

"This boy," he said, "awoke one morning very ill. His groans alarmed the household. The doctor was sent for and came posthaste.

"'Well,' said the doctor, as he entered the sick room, 'what is the trouble?'

"'A pain in my side,' said the boy.

"'Any pain in the head?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Is the right hand stiff?'

"'A little.'

"'How about the right foot?'

"'That's stiff, too.'

"The doctor winked at the boy's mother.

"'Well,' he said, 'you're pretty sick. But you'll be able to go to school on Monday. Let me see, to-day is Saturday and ——'

"'Is to-day Saturday?' said the boy in a vexed tone. 'I thought it was Friday.'

"Half an hour later that boy declared himself healed and got up. Then they packed him off to school, for it was Friday, after all."

Quite Remarkable

"Nothing in the papers again to-night," grumbled the club's privileged member. "Never is, lately! I can't understand it."

"I beg your pardon," said the new member, "but I've just read one of the most remarkable cases that ever came under my notice."

The grumpy member, who was a doctor, could never brook contradiction.

"Impossible!" he burst out, angrily.

"But ——"

"Haven't I read 'em? You mean to insinuate I haven't read 'em?" he went on, with rising anger.

"Not at all, my dear sir, not at all! But this most remarkable case might—indeed, must—have escaped your eye."

The other members drew up their chairs. It

was always interesting when a stranger fell foul of Grumpy.

"Well?" he blurted out. "Interesting, eh? Remarkable, eh? Impossible!"

"Judge for yourself," rejoined the intrepid one, in nowise abashed. "It's a case of cancer cure. A London woman who suffered from cancer of the tongue was cured by the removal of that organ. The tongue was cut away at the roots, and the operation was a complete success. She is now recovered, and as happy as she ever was."

"Didn't I tell you it was impossible!" cried the grumpy one, triumphantly appealing to those about him. "Didn't I tell you so? A woman loses her tongue, recovers and is happy. Happy, mark you! It's against nature. A woman deprived of speech happy? Oh, impossible!"

"But ——"

"Pooh, my dear sir! Bah! Don't tell me!"

"But," insisted the new member, mildly, "the woman was deaf and dumb before she had the cancer."

For ten minutes there was a silence in the club which you might have cut with a knife.

Sunday Indisposition

Morbus Sabbaticus, or Sunday Sickness, a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and wakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, talk about politics, and read the Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes on Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. The peculiar features are as follows:

1. It always attacks members of the church.
2. It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath.
3. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite.
4. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours.
5. It generally attacks the head of the family.
6. No physician is ever called.

7. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul.

8. No remedy is known for it except prayer.

9. Religion is the only antidote.

10. It is becoming fearfully prevalent and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to destruction.

His Indifference

"Yore Uncle Glick was a feller that never 'peared to take much interest in anything that was goin' on around him," reminiscently remarked a moss-grown citizen of Arkansas.

"Say he didn't?" inquired the younger citizen, whom the veteran was addressing.

"Nope. I recollec', durin' his last sickness, when the two doctors that was attendin' him got to fightin' over him with knives, about some delicate p'int of perfessional etterket, he jest quietly turned over an' died, without waitin', or apparently carin' to see which licked."

His Dilemma

Doctor (who is not feeling well, to himself): "What shall I do? I haven't any confidence in any of those other doctors, and, as for myself, my charges are too high!"

A Quick Diagnosis

The following amusing narrative is taken from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's book, entitled "Dr. North and his Friends":

"I once went to Harrisburg and had to return during the night. The train was crowded. At last, in the stifling, dimly-lighted smoking-car, I found a man asleep across two seats. I awakened him, and saying I was sorry to disturb him, sat down.

"After a little while, he said, 'Do you know Dr. Owen North?'

"Rather astonished, I said, 'Yes.'

"'What kind of a man is he?'

"'Oh, a very good fellow.'

"'He is like all them high-up doctors, I guess. He gets big fees, I want you to know.'

"'No,' said I. 'That's always exaggerated. Why do you ask?'

"'Well, I've had a lot of doctors, and I ain't no better, and now I haven't much money left.'

"Upon this, my friend confided to me all his physical woes in detail. We parted before daybreak. It was too dark in the car for either of us to see plainly the face of the other.

"About ten the next day the man entered my consulting-room. As I should not have known him, except for a rather peculiar voice, I

remained unidentified. I could not resist so comic an opportunity. I said, looking at him: 'Sit down. You have a pain in your back.'

"'That's queer. I have.'

"'And you are blind in the left eye, and your digestion is very bad,' and so I went on.

"At last, he said: 'I never saw a doctor like you. It scares a man, 'most. Can you cure me?'

"I said: 'Yes,' and wrote out my directions. It was really a simple case.

"When he produced a well-worn wallet, I declined to take his fee, and said, 'I owe you for the seat, and the good sleep I disturbed last night.'

"'Thunder! I see. You were the man. But law! why did you give it away? I'd have sent you the whole township.'"

CHAPTER VII

Strange Situations

An Invaluable Instrument

A MAN went with his wife to visit her physician. The doctor placed a thermometer in the woman's mouth. After two or three minutes, just as the physician was about to remove the instrument, the man, who was not used to such a prolonged spell of brilliant silence on the part of his life's partner, said: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"

An Embarrassing Mistake

A certain family moved into a new neighborhood, and before they had time to get acquainted the eldest daughter of the house, a pretty girl of eighteen or twenty summers, fell on the stairs one day and hurt her knee, which at once became painfully swollen.

At this crisis, the girl's father happened to see a rather fine looking young man passing the

gate with what looked like a case of surgical instruments in one hand.

Running to the door, the parent hailed the young man and invited him in, saying:

"It's very fortunate you were passing. I want you to look at my daughter's knee."

The stranger's look of surprise as he was hustled rather than ushered into the parlor was totally lost on the anxious father. On a sofa reclined a young lady, her mother bending over the injured member bathing the inflamed knee-joint.

"What would you advise?" inquired the man of the house. "Is the treatment ——"

"Well," said the young man, "I should recommend you to get a doctor as quickly as possible. You see, I'm only a piano-tuner!"

Due Warning

An epileptic who was in constant dread of the surgeon's knife, and who knew modern ways, was picked up on the street in New York. When taken to the hospital and undressed, the following sign was found on his chest:

"Don't operate on me for appendicitis. Have been operated for that three different times—am merely having a fit."

Knew Murphy Well

When the late Dr. Bartlett, of Woburn, was pension examiner under the Cleveland administration he was one day examining witnesses. He asked one of them: "Terrence McCartey, do you swear that you know the applicant, Michael Murphy, who has made application for an increase of pension?"

"You may well say that I do," said Terrence. "Me and him were shot in the same leg at Antietam."

Had Faith in the Doctor

A young English laborer went into the register's office to record his father's death.

"Well, father ain't dead yet," was the reply to a query; "but he *will* be before morning, and I thought it would save me another trip if you would put it down now."

"Oh, that won't do at all," said the register. "Why, your father may be well before morning."

"Ah, no, he won't," said the young laborer. "Our doctor says he won't, and he knows what he has given father."

A Historic Leg

There resides in Washington an old man who saw service in the Civil War as a colonel, whose

only wound in action was a slight scratch on his leg. Nevertheless, this wound has always been a matter of great glory and pride to him, and he has nursed it ever since, and has grown lamer every year, that the memory of his bravery might ever be with him.

One afternoon, when he sat at his club, nursing the injured leg, a fellow clubman, who is a prominent physician, sympathetically asked:

"Lame, colonel?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, after an inexpressibly solemn pause; "I am lame."

"Been riding, sir?"

"No," this time with rebuking sternness, "I have not been riding."

"Ah, I trust it was not due to a fall on the ice?"

"No!" came in tones of ferocity.

"Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle?"

With painful slowness the old fellow lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully on the floor, rose deliberately from his chair, and looking down upon the unfortunate doctor with mingled pity and wrath, burst forth in almost sublime rage:

"Go, sir, and read the history of your country, sir!"

He Couldn't See It

"Doctor," said a hard-looking customer the other day to a physician, "I am troubled with a depression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose is the matter?"

"All very easily accounted for," said the physician; "you have water on the chest."

"Water! Come, that will do well enough for a joke; but how could I get water on my chest when I haven't touched a drop for more than fifteen years?"

The Wrong Answer

The worm will turn—sometimes,—and then the patient patient gets his revenge.

A doctor met one of his old acquaintances a short time since in a crowd, and saluted him as is often done by others—"Why! are you alive yet?"

"Oh, yes, doctor," was the reply; "I never took that last medicine you left me!"

He Remembered

The Doctor's Wife: "You are always talking about women having no capacity for managing things. Do you happen to remember that

I started the first cooking school that was ever conducted in this town?"

The Doctor: "I do, distinctly. It was just after that happened that I began to have a good practice."

It Was the Collarette

She is one of the most popular girls in the town, and he is the physician who has attended her ever since she wore short dresses and long braids. She came into his surgery the other day, her pretty nose scarlet and her eyes swollen, almost shut, while her handkerchief was a limp ball in her hand.

"Oh, doctor," she wailed, "such a cold as I have caught!" And then she proceeded to sneeze five times without stopping.

"H'm! it does seem rather troublesome," returned the doctor, calmly. "We'll see what we can do for it."

"Oh, please do," she moaned. "I am to give a tea on Tuesday, and on Thursday I am to act as Anna's bridesmaid, you know. Oh, de-ar!" and she went into a fresh paroxysm of sneezing.

The doctor felt her pulse and looked at her

tongue, and then suddenly he, too, began to sneeze.

"There must be a draught somewhere," he observed. "I wish people would learn to close doors. Strange, they are all closed now."

"Everybody has a cold," wailed the fair patient between sneezes, "and I haven't done a th—achoo—thing to give me one."

"Wear plenty of warm clothing—eh?" said the doctor. "How about shoes?"

"Yes, warm clothing and heavy shoes."

"When did the cold first make its appearance?"

"Just as I started out to-day. You see, I had heard that Emily was a perfect sight with one, and I determined to do nothing to make myself the same. So I even went and got out my fur collarette, which was packed away, so I wouldn't c-catch one. Oh, oh!" and she sneezed three times without a pause.

The doctor, too, was sneezing, and when he recovered there was an angry gleam in his eyes as he asked:

"What was your collarette packed away in?"

"In black pepper. I just hate the odor of tobacco, and the moths —— Why, doctor, what makes you look so queer?"

Too Soon

Here is a little happening from real life in Chicago:

"You will be glad to know, madam, that your husband will almost certainly recover."

"Oh, dear me, doctor, what shall I do?"

"Why, madam, what do you mean? Aren't you anxious that your husband should get well?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" sobbed the wife. "Only, when you said last week you didn't think he would live a fortnight, I went and sold all his clothes."

The Perfect Peace

Dr. Lines, who has a keen sense of humor, carried off the anecdotal honors at a recent Chamber of Commerce dinner with the following story:

"At the time of King Edward's recovery from his threatened fatal illness with appendicitis," he said, "thanksgiving services were held all over the kingdom. At one of these the services were to close with the singing of a well-known hymn, which happened to be in the back of the books used in that parish.

"'Let us close the services,' the pastor said,

'by singing the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace" —in the appendix.'"

The Wrong Doctor

A beggar, sadly in need of a pair of trousers, figured out that physicians had to wear pretty good clothes and would be most likely to have some to give away. Seeing a doctor's sign, he rang the bell and the door was opened by an elderly sweet-faced lady.

"Madam," he said, "I am very hard up and have called to see if I could obtain a pair of the doctor's cast-off trousers."

Smiling, the old lady replied:

"I am the doctor."

An Ambiguous Location

He was sitting by her side at dinner, proudly congratulating himself upon being where he could look down upon the beautiful neck and arms.

"I am being tortured," she said, as she moved uneasily. "I have been vaccinated, and it is just 'taking.'"

"Why," he said unguardedly, as he cast another glance at that handsome neck and those lovely arms, "where were you vaccinated?"

"In Boston," she replied, as a smile drove away the evidences of pain.

The Reward of Wickedness

"I never robbed a man but once," said the honest tramp, "and then I was starving. He would not give me a penny, and I couldn't stand the gnawings in my stomach any longer. So I knocked him down and went through his pockets. What kind of a haul did I make? Just one bottle that read on the label: 'Lactopeptine for that full feeling after eating.'"

Reason for Sleeplessness

On the Quai de Paris, in Rouen, is a comfortable inn where a doctor put up on an automobile tour. He was called to attend a fellow-guest (an Englishman) who had been taken ill. There were two rooms—a bedroom and a parlor—opening on the river. From one room to the other a little square-built, black-visaged man was walking to and fro, barefooted, dressed in pajamas.

"What seems to be the matter?" the doctor asked in his best professional manner.

At that moment a worried and earnest

woman came from the bedroom: "Oh, are you the doctor? I'm so glad. My husband is quite ill. He has been ill for months. And he won't take advice. Indeed, he never will take advice; but we had heard of you, and so I thought ——"

"But, madam ——" said the doctor edging in a word, while the little black-visaged man walked to and fro on his bare feet.

"He is no better—we've traveled everywhere —he can't sleep—in England it was just the same thing, and here it is worse,—and he can't work. Why, for months ——"

"Madam, permit me ——"

"Months and months he has been like this; and it is just the same whether we stay at home or whether we travel—and the house is just as quiet. Why, when he wants to work no one dares to breathe—and the children never are allowed up-stairs, because now he has his study there,—and if there's a ring at the bell we never let any one in. We spent two weeks at Amiens, but he was no better there —— Of course, we had to leave the children at home with the servants and you know what servants are ——"

The lady talked on; the little barefooted man went back into some dark corner of the

bedroom; the doctor sat down at the table and wrote a prescription.

"Send and have this made up," said the doctor.

"Thank you, doctor; I do hope this will help him so that he can sleep, and ——"

"Madam, if you will take five drops of it in water to-night I think your husband will sleep all right!"

Why He Left

The bishop was overworked and the ladies of the diocese raised a fund for the purpose of sending him away for the summer. At the doctor's suggestion, the good man buried himself in the mountains of Missouri, whence he wrote that he had at last found Arcadia. To the amazement of the doctor, the bishop appeared at the medicine man's office three weeks after setting out on his vacation.

"Why," ejaculated the doctor, "back so soon?"

"Yes," sighed the shepherd. "Nature was lovely down there, but I couldn't stand the diet. The first week they killed a shoat and put it on ice, and we ate pig all the week. The second week they killed a calf and put it on ice, and

we ate veal all the week. The third week somebody killed a man and they put him on ice——"

"Well?"

"Well, the prospect for that week was more than I could stand, so I paid a week's board in advance and skipped."

CHAPTER VIII

The Doctor Knew

Revenge is Sweet

DR. W. A. GRAY enjoys the distinction of having gotten even with a plumber who charged what the doctor considered exorbitant rates. The doctor paid the exorbitant bill without a murmur, but about two weeks after the bill was liquidated there was sickness in the same plumber's family. Dr. Gray was called. When he reached the house he was without his medicine case. He said he did not know what the ailment was and wanted to know before bringing his medicines. He returned and secured his medicine case and treated the patient. On the first of this year the plumber was rendered a bill in which he noticed an item of two dollars covering the time it took the doctor to go back to his office for the medicine case. The plumber remonstrated and the doctor said: "You taught me a new trick. I could not tell what tools were needed before I went to the house and so had to go back after them." The plumber paid the bill.

The Retort Courteous

"Look at me!" exclaimed the leading lawyer warmly; "I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I'm as strong as any two of your patients put together."

"Well, that's nothing," retorted the physician. "I never went to law in my life, and I'm as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together."

A Good Reason for It

Castleton: "I met your doctor this morning and he said he hoped you were well."

Clubberly: "Strange thing for a doctor to say, wasn't it?"

Castleton: "I don't know. He said your last illness cost him fifty dollars."

Proved It to Him

Imagination in some people is exceedingly strong. One day recently a physician was talking to a friend about the power of it.

"Well," said the doctor, "you have about the strongest imagination I ever knew of."

"My imagination isn't very strong," replied the other.

"Yes, it is. Some day I'll prove it to you," said the physician. A week later the two men

were walking down-town together when the doctor handed his friend a cigar.

"It's mighty strong, Will," he said; "so strong, in fact, that the same brand frequently makes me sick. But it's all I have."

The other smiled. "It won't make me sick," he said. He lighted the cigar. Just as they were about to part the doctor said:

"Will, you're looking pale around the gills. What's wrong?"

"Frankly," said the other, "that cigar has made me slightly ill. I never smoked so strong a weed."

It was the doctor's turn to smile. "That's one of the mildest cigars made," he said. "I was just trying to show you how strong your imagination is!"

The doctor's friend got over his illness at once. "Well," he said, "you've done it."

Diagnosis as a Fine Art

The *Chemist and Druggist* is responsible for the following:

Doctor: "James, did that lady in the waiting-room come in her own carriage or in a street car?"

Servant: "Street car, sir."

Doctor: "Thanks. I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Saratoga or sulphur-and-molasses."

Costly Sickness

Phil: "Are you working for that doctor yet?"

Jil: "Yes; but he's small potatoes."

Phil: "He is, is he?"

Jil: "Why yes, the other day I didn't feel well and I left my work and went into his office to see what was the matter with me."

Phil: "I see. He charged you regular price for a visit, I suppose."

Jil: "Yes, he did that and more; he docked me on pay day for the time I was in his office."

The Inference

A medical professor was lecturing to a class which obviously did not care to listen. The young men shuffled their feet, and apparently only waited for the clock to strike their deliverance.

At last the minute-hand pointed to twelve and the hour was up. With a simultaneous movement they rose from their seats and started toward the door.

"One minute, please!" called the lecturer. "One minute, please! Keep your seats. I have still a few more pearls to cast."

The Real Lunatic

Among the various institutions for the care of the insane in the Dominion of Canada there is one whose medical superintendent has great faith in the remedial value of outdoor recreation for his patients. He accordingly is indefatigable in the promotion of wholesome sport, and the games follow the round of the seasons: cricket and lacrosse in the summer, baseball and football in spring and autumn, skating and curling in winter. By virtue of this policy a number of expert players have been developed, and the cricket club in connection with the asylum is particularly renowned.

One winter the curling was especially good, and three of the patients whose mental troubles were of a harmless type acquired such skill that the doctor was tempted to take them off with him to play a match in a neighboring city. To his keen chagrin, however, they were seized with stage-fright at the rink, and curled so badly as to be ignominiously defeated.

On the conclusion of the match one of those

blundering creatures whose curiosity makes them blind to considerations of courtesy, went up to the doctor and asked him if it was true that all the members of the team were lunatics.

"No," responded the man of medicine grimly, as the iron of defeat was thus driven in deeper by this clumsy hand, "I am the only lunatic."

Laconic Prescriptions

"What must I do, sir?" inquired an indolent *bonvivant* of Abernethy.

"Live on sixpence a day, and earn it, sir," was the stern answer.

Another of Abernethy's rejoinders to a doting mother, who brought him for treatment her anæmic daughter, is worth recording:

"Buy her a skipping-rope, madam!" was his curt advice.

Doctor Knew It Could Not Be

A prominent Philadelphia surgeon has a number of scrap books filled with anecdotes about physicians. These anecdotes are odd, from the fact that they all throw upon physicians a most unflattering light. To illustrate their character, Dr. Keen quoted one of them recently.

"A physician was driving through the street," he said. "A friend stopped him."

"Doctor," said the friend, anxiously, "have you heard that horrible story about Williamson?"

"No," said the doctor. "What story is that?"

"A story to the effect that he was buried alive."

"Buried alive?" said the doctor. "Impossible. He was one of my patients."

Fully Explained

There was a German who, by a lucky investment, became suddenly rich, and desired to get into high society. He had noticed that a number of the "bon-ton" affected the cult of theosophy and he thought that he might be able to break through the social upper-crust if he were to become a theosophist.

"Toctor," he said to his family physician, "vat is dot new relichun I hears off apout India? My vife has got it ferry bad, and I don't understant it."

"Oh, you mean transmigration of the soul?"

"Yah, dot is it. Yust tell me apout dot."

"All right, I will tell you in plain language.

Take yourself, for instance. You live to the allotted age of three score years and ten, and then you pass away. Your soul goes into the body of a bird—a canary bird, we'll say,—and from your gilded cage you fill a lady's boudoir with melody, living a life of luxury, and fed from the dainty fingers of beauty."

"Oh, dot is peautiful, peautiful. I like dot."

"And then you die again, and your soul goes into a lovely flower in a garden, and you fill the air with fragrance, and delight the eye with your exquisite color and delicacy of petals."

"Oh, dot is fine. I like dot relichun."

"You live the life of the flower until one day a donkey gets into the garden, and, attracted by your loveliness, he eats you, and your soul passes into the donkey."

"Yah, yah!"

"Then some farmer acquaintance comes along, strokes your long ears, and says, 'Why, Strauss, is it you? How little you have changed!'"

Could Not Deceive Him

"What is this?" asked a pale, dyspeptic guest, who was also a physician, at a hotel restaurant, looking critically at the dish the waiter had brought him.

"Just what you ordered, sir," replied the waiter; "breast of veal, braised."

"You quite mistake," rejoined the guest, removing with his knife and fork a bone from the meat and inspecting it. "This bone is a portion of the left tibia, near its junction with the inner malleolus. In other words, you have brought me a piece of the shank. Take it back and bring what I ordered!"

There was no disputing with a man to whom any part of the anatomy of a calf was as an open book, and the waiter did as he was ordered.

No Smoke for Him

There is a clever young physician in Philadelphia who has never been able to smoke a cigar. "Just one poisons me," says the youthful doctor.

Recently the doctor was invited to a large dinner party given by a New York friend. At the conclusion of the repast, when the women had left the table, cigars were accepted by all the men except the physician from Philadelphia. Seeing his friend refuse the cigar, the host in astonishment exclaimed:

"What, not smoking? Why, my dear fellow, you lose half your dinner!"

"Yes, I know I do," meekly replied the doctor, "but if I smoked, I would lose the whole of it."

Circumstances Alter Cases

One morning, on entering the chamber of a French Marquis, whom Dr. Bowart had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was accosted by his noble patient in the following terms:

"Good-day to you, Dr. Bowart; I feel quite in spirits and think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bowart, dryly. "The very first expression you used convinces me of it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend;* as you began to get better, I was your *good Bowart;* and now I am *Dr. Bowart;* depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

Poisoned by Prescription

Dr. Hamilton, of Evanston, Illinois, was always fond of a practical joke, sometimes at the expense of his best friends; and when annoyed,

She: "He asked me if I ever heard a buzzing noise in my ears."

He: "Well?"

She: "That's just where I do hear it."

Absolute Rest

Physician: "Your husband must stop all work, all thought, everything."

Wife: "He would never consent to absolute idleness."

Physician: "Then we must fool him into imagining that he is busy. I'll get him appointed a member of the Board of Health."

Direct Evidence

Doctor: "Have you heard of Mr. Blank's death?"

Friend: "No. Are you sure he's dead?"

Doctor: "Positive. I treated him myself."

The Doctor Knew Best

One of the musicians who spent the Bach week in Bethlehem, has brought back a stock of Pennsylvania Dutch stories, the favorite of which is the following:

It seemed that a farmer named Hans, was

subject to some kind of fits, which rendered him totally unconscious for hours at a time, and on several occasions, convinced his good wife that she was a widow. It was pretty generally known that she was by no means averse to the widowed state, for she and the doughty Hans did not live in peace and amity.

One day, Hans was stricken as usual. The good wife applied the usual remedies, but this time they failed to revive the unconscious man. A doctor was called, and after a thorough examination, he shook his head and said solemnly:

"Dot iss zu bed. He iss todt (dead)."

The widow pretended to be overcome with grief, and leaning over the prostrate form of her husband, she wailed:

"Oh, mein Hans iss todt. Mein Hans iss todt."

But Hans, reviving suddenly, exclaimed:

"Nein, Nein, Ich ben nit todt!"

"Hans," said his wife, reprovingly, "lie still. Der doctor knows best."

CHAPTER IX

Hospital Anecdotes

A Mixed Diet

A PATIENT in a hospital had to be fed on a daily diet of egg and port wine. His physician asked him how he liked it.

"It would be all right, doctor," he said, "if the egg was as new as the port, and the port as old as the egg!"

Six to One

A well-known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instructions to half a dozen students. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?" One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel, "and I shall operate to-morrow."

"No, you won't," said the patient, as he rose in his bed, "six to one is a good majority; give me my clothes."

Proper Classification

"John Jones, the patient who came in a little while ago," said the attendant in the Out Department, "didn't give his occupation."

"What was the nature of his trouble?" asked the resident physician.

"Injury at the base of the spine."

"Put him down as a book agent."

She Didn't Know the Lady

Mrs. Clancy: "Yis, Mrs. Muggins, Pat and Oi part to mate no more. Oi wint to the hospital to ax afther him. 'Oi want to see me husband,' sez Oi—'the man that got blowed up.' 'Yez can't,' sez the docthor—'he's unther the inflooence of Ann Esthetics.' 'Oi don't know the lady,' sez Oi, moighty dignified loike; 'but if me lawful wedded husband can act loike that whin he's at death's door, Oi'll have a divorce from him!'"

A Bad Guess

Going through the wards of a large New York hospital with some medical students, a well-known doctor was giving a few remarks on each case. When they arrived at a bed on

which a new arrival lay, the professor stopped and said: "From the nature of the illness the patient is suffering from, I can, by using my powers of deduction, tell you the nature of his occupation." Turning to the patient he observed, "You are a musician, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sufferer.

"And you play a wind instrument, I can see."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"There! I thought so; that pernicious blowing does more injury to the lungs than ——"

"Beg parding, sir," said the patient, "I play the concertina."

A New Complaint

A German, whose wife was ill at the Senly Hospital, Brooklyn, called the first evening she was there and inquired how she was getting along. He was told that she was improving.

Next day he called again, and was told she was still improving. This went on for some time, each day the report being that his wife was improving.

Finally, one night when he called he was told that his wife was dead. Seeing the doctor, he

went up to him and said, with a world of sarcasm in his voice:

"Vell, doctor, vat did she die of—imbrovements?"

Operating on a Kimono

It is seldom that hospital physicians impart information concerning what goes on in the hospitals; but the staff of a certain Brooklyn institution has a story too good to keep, and so the members have been amusing their friends with it.

The other evening a young man rushed into the hospital asking excitedly for Mrs. Brown.

"Where is Mrs. Brown?" he demanded. "I want to see her. Did she come out all right? Was it successful?"

"Mrs. Brown? Mrs. Brown?" repeated the puzzled official. "We haven't any Mrs. Brown here. You must have made a mistake."

"No Mrs. Brown?" exclaimed the man, who was evidently in great agony of mind. "No Mrs. Brown? Why, you must have, for I just got home and found this note from my wife on the table!"

The physician took it and read:

"DEAR JACK:—I am so sorry not to be here

when you get home. I have gone around the corner to have my kimono cut out. Come around when you get home. ALICE."

A Substantial Meal

"Well, my man," said a hospital physician to a patient who had been on "low diet" for a long time, "how are you?"

"Much better, sir."

"Could you eat a small chicken to-day?"

"That I could, sir."

"What would you like it stuffed with?"

"Please, your honor," replied the hungry patient, "I would like it stuffed with another."

Rub the Prescription

It happened in one of the large hospitals in a big city where it has been necessary to introduce certain time-saving devices in the dispensary. The patient gets a printed prescription that calls for a preparation that has been already made up. At the same time he gets directions for its use.

One morning in November, a patient, a man, came in and described the symptoms of rheumatism.

The physician gave him one of the printed

slips and said: "Now, Pat, when you go home have your wife rub this on your back."

"Thank you, doctor," and off he went.

A few minutes later the Irishman reappeared, seeming rather embarrassed, and in his hand was the prescription.

"Well?" asked the physician.

"Shure, doctor, and which side of the paper must I rub on me back?"

A Difficult Case

Among the out-patients at an ophthalmic hospital one was an old man. He was turned over to one of the younger specialists, who began to test in the usual manner.

"Can you read that?" he asked, as he pointed to the card placed on the wall.

"No, sir," replied the old man.

The doctor then put on stronger glasses.

"Well," he inquired, "can you read it now?"

The old fellow shook his head, saying: "No, not a word."

After repeating this performance several times, the doctor was about to turn him over in despair to his more experienced superior, when the old man quietly explained: "You see, doctor, I never learned to read."

Got Cut Rates From the Doctor

The Belgians once succeeded in getting cut rates on an operation from Sir Morel McKenzie. He was engaged to attend a case at Antwerp. When he landed he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him that the patient had died, but that they would pay his full fee.

"And now," said one of the men, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morel said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed several operations, among which were two of a similar nature to that for which he had been called over. When he finished, all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scurvy trick they played on you, Sir Morel."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"They lied. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price!"

Force of Habit

A physician started a model insane hospital, and set apart one ward especially for crazy motorists and chauffeurs. Taking a friend through the building, he pointed out with particular pride the automobile ward, and called attention to its elegant furnishings and equipment.

"But," said the friend, "the place is empty; I don't see any patients."

"Oh, they are all under the cots, fixing the slats," explained the physician.

Her System

Patient (to pretty nurse): "Will you be my wife when I recover?"

Pretty Nurse: "Certainly."

Patient: "Then you love me?"

Pretty Nurse: "Oh, no; that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful; I promised this morning to run away with a married man who had lost both of his legs."

The Main Question

Victim: "What has happened? Where am I?"

Doctor: "You have been seriously inju-

a trolley accident. But cheer up—you will recover."

Victim: "How much?"

How They Do It in Chicago

Physician (at hospital): "I thought you merely had the measles?"

Patient: "Well, isn't that enough?"

Physician: "Yes; but you are covered with bruises from head to foot. How do you account for that?"

Patient: "Oh, they brought me here in an ambulance."

Professional Fortitude

Medical Visitor to Hospital: "Who in the world is that bellowing and moaning so in the private room?"

Assistant Superintendent: "Oh, that is Dr. Gauzewick, our senior visiting surgeon. He had a small furuncle on the back of his neck opened yesterday."

He Was All There

The physician in charge of a certain great hospital in New York desired to tabulate the vital statistics of the various employees. So he

prepared the requisite blanks and sent one to each man and woman, requesting answers to the various queries.

One line requested an answer to the question: "Are you suffering from any disease?"

When the blanks came in, it was found that one man said he had tuberculosis. The superintendent sent for him. He came in, a big, broad-shouldered negro messenger, who looked healthy enough to live for fifty years.

"Why," said the doctor, "you haven't got tuberculosis!"

"Ain't I?" asked the negro.

"No, you haven't. You are perfectly healthy. Why did you write on this blank that you have tuberculosis?"

"Well," said the messenger, "I dunno; 'ceptin' if there's anythin' fashionable goin' 'round, I want it."

CHAPTER X

Queer Happenings in Medicine

In a Very Bad Way

PEOPLE who go to apothecaries to have their diseases prescribed for occasionally get very strange diagnoses. In one case a man wearing a long countenance is said to have entered an apothecary's shop and remarked:

"I seem to have something queer in my stomach, and I want you to give me something for it."

"What are your symptoms?" the apothecary asked.

"Every little while something seems to rise up and then settle back again, and by and by it rises up again."

The apothecary put his chin in the palm of his hand and meditated.

"Look here," he said gravely, "you haven't gone and swallowed an elevator, have you?"

He Knew Her Destination

A young physician was once called in by a gentleman who had a very sick mother-in-law.

After looking into the case carefully, the young M. D. called the gentleman aside and said:

"Well, the only thing I can suggest is that you send your mother-in-law to a warmer climate."

The man disappeared and came back with an axe a moment later, and exclaimed:

"Here, doctor, you kill her! I really haven't the heart."

Only His Watch so Far

There is an old negro living in Carrollton who was taken ill several days ago, and called a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving, Dr. S—— felt the darky's pulse for a moment, and then examined his tongue. "Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, sah," he answered feebly. "I hain't missed anything but my watch as yit, boss."

The Joke on Himself

In a Pullman car last summer, a young traveler noticed an old, white-bearded gentleman trying to get into a light dust-coat. The young

man rushed to his assistance, and, in helping him with the garment, noticed a good-sized whisky flask protruding from one of the inside pockets. Being of a waggish nature, he appropriated the bottle, got the coat on the stranger, and then pulling out the flask said, "Will you take a drink?"

The old man did not recognize the bottle and, drawing himself up, remarked rather severely, "No, sir; I never drink."

"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag; "it's the best."

"Young man," said the old gentleman, speaking loud enough for all in the car to hear, "if you persist in drinking whisky, you will be a ruined man at forty. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing she did was to call me to her bedside and say, 'John, swear to me that you will never touch a drop of liquor.'"

"Oh, well, in that case," said the joker, "I must drink it myself;" whereupon, suiting the action to the words, he pulled the cork out and took a good drink.

A moment later he dropped the bottle with an exclamation which certainly didn't sound like a blessing, and yelled out, "Ugh! ugh! my mouth's all raw!"

Then it was that the old gentleman discovered his loss, and to the amusement of the other passengers said, "Ah! young man, you will be careful in future before you take other people's property. I am Dr. ———, and that bottle contained some liniment for one of my patients."

An Extraordinary Case

"By-the-bye, Bob," said Hopkins, with a scarcely perceptible glance at Mr. Pickwick's attentive face, "we had a curious accident last night. A child was brought in who had swallowed a necklace."

"Swallowed what, sir?" interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

"A necklace," replied Jack Hopkins. "Not all at once, you know, that would be too much —*you* couldn't swallow that, if the child did— eh, Mr. Pickwick, ha! ha!" Mr. Hopkins appeared highly gratified with his own pleasantry; and continued, "No, the way was this. Child's parents were poor people who lived in a court. Child's eldest sister bought a necklace; a common necklace, made of large black wooden beads. Child, being fond of toys, cribbed the necklace, hid it, played with it, cut the string, and swallowed a bead. Child thought it capital

fun, went back next day, and swallowed another bead."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing! I beg your pardon, sir. Go on."

"Next day, child swallowed two beads; the day after that, he treated himself to three, and so on, till in a week's time he had got through the necklace—five and twenty beads in all. The sister, who was an industrious girl, and seldom treated herself to a bit of finery, cried her eyes out at the loss of the necklace; looked high and low for it; but, I needn't say, didn't find it. A few days afterward, the family were at dinner—baked shoulder of mutton, and potatoes under it—the child, who wasn't hungry, was playing about the room, when suddenly there was heard a devil of a noise, like a small hail-storm. 'Don't do that, my boy,' said the father. 'I ain't a doin' nothin',' said the child. 'Well, don't do it again,' said the father. There was a short silence, and then the noise began again, worse than ever. 'If you don't mind what I say, my boy,' said the father, 'you'll find yourself in bed in something less than a pig's whisper.' He gave the child a shake to make him obedient, and such a rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. 'Why, damme, it's *in* the

child!' said the father, 'he's got the croup in the wrong place!' 'No, I haven't, father,' said the child, beginning to cry; 'it's the necklace; I swallowed it, father.' The father caught the child up, and ran with him to the hospital: the beads in the boy's stomach rattling all the way with the jolting; and the people looking up in the air, and down in the cellars to see where the unusual sound came from. He's in the hospital now," said Jack Hopkins, "and he makes such a devil of a noise when he walks about, that they're obliged to muffle him in a watchman's coat, for fear he should wake the patients!"

"That's the most extraordinary case I ever heard of," said Mr. Pickwick, with an emphatic blow on the table.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Jack Hopkins; "is it, Bob?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"Very singular things occur in our profession, I can assure you, sir," said Hopkins.

"So I should be disposed to imagine," replied Mr. Pickwick.

Animal Food Diet

An Irish farmer in Graham county, Kansas, was somewhat under the weather, and he con-

sulted a doctor. The doctor said: "Patrick, you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food."

Remembering his case a few days afterward, when in that neighborhood, the doctor called upon Pat at the stable.

"Well, Pat, how are you getting on with the treatment?"

"Oh, sure, sor, Oi manage all right with the grain and oats, but it's mighty hard with the chopped hay."

Curious Medical Phenomena

A Philadelphia physician, while making a social visit at the house of a friend, chanced to meet a colleague. After some general conversation, a remark was made that gave a professional turn to the talk. The first physician said:

"You know one may look into the throat of a child and determine upon which foot it is standing, merely by the way in which the blood collects on the other side of the body."

"A more remarkable fact than that," observed the second doctor, "is that by manual training you can actually increase the size of the brain of a stupid child, so that by proper mental exercise it develops a marked degree of intelligence."

It is probable that the host began to suspect that his medical friends were trying to "chaff" him; at any rate, he, as a layman, contributed the following extraordinary addition to the stock of medical knowledge.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the facts you mention are nothing compared to one coming under my own observation. I have actually seen a man who, by looking in his pocketbook, could tell you what he was to have for dinner."

Pat's Trouble

There are medical bulls as well as other kinds, and the sons of the Emerald Isle perpetrate most of them.

An Irishman came to a doctor, complaining that he had noises in his head.

"Oi have thim all the time," he said, "an' sometimes Oi can hear thim fifty feet away!"

A Good Bluff

During the Civil War, a loud call having been made for army surgeons by the Examining Boards of the State of Ohio, an ambitious and patriotic young Dr. Phelps gave up his lucrative practice, and reported himself at Columbus for examination. The applicants, who were numer-

ous, were each handed a list of printed questions, and they were required to write out answers and hand them to the Board, who voted on their cases according to the correctness of the answers.

The young aspirant got on swimmingly with his list until he came to question 23: "Where and what is Scarpa's triangle?" This was a poser. He scratched his head in vain for any recollection of such an anatomical structure He finally approached the President of the Board, and, pointing to the question, said, "Sir, did you mean to ask that question?" To which the president blandly replied in the affirmative.

Our young doctor, putting on a look of fierce indignation, exclaimed, "Will you tell me, sir, what is the use of asking such a question as that, when our country's flag is trailing in the dust?"

Strange to say, the bluff went, and Dr. Phelps entered the service of Uncle Sam.

Night Off

Professor ———, of the Yale Medical School, is much interested in epilepsy in its different forms. During a summer sojourn in the mountains he heard of an old woman with epilepsy

who had lived to the age of seventy-nine years. Curious to know the details of so unusual a case, he interviewed the widower. Having inquired concerning different symptoms, he proceeded, "Did she grind her teeth much at night?"

The old man considered for a minute, and then replied, "Wal, I dunno as she *wore* 'em at night."

The Correct Diagnosis

A certain young doctor had the bad habit of drinking too much in the evening, after working hours. One night his best patient, a rich and straight-laced old woman, sent for him, and he decided he would make a call on her, though he was pretty far gone, and he knew it.

So he took another drink to brace him, got his carriage, and drove to the rich old woman's house. He found her in bed. He asked her a question or two, ashamed all the time of his thick voice, and then he took hold of her wrist to count her pulse.

To his chagrin, he found he could not count her pulse; he was too far gone even for that. Turning a deep purple with mortification and shame, he muttered, "Drunk, by Jove!" and

without another word he staggered out of the room and went home.

Next morning as he lay in bed, putting off getting up because his head ached, a letter was brought to him, and he opened it with a groan, for he recognized the handwriting of his rich old woman patient, and he knew that now she was giving him his dismissal.

But when he opened the letter, out dropped a check for $150 and he read something like this:

"DEAR DOCTOR: I know only too well that you discovered on visiting me last night the unfortunate and shameful condition in which I had placed myself by accident; but trust you will regard what you witnessed as a professional secret. I enclose a small check, that will, I hope, be sufficient to repay you for your trouble."

Fat as Butter

The celebrated surgeon, Dr. Truro, vouches for the following anecdote:

A little more than a dozen years ago a stout, well-to-do farmer named Owen, in the township of Bolton, Pennsylvania, was taken suddenly ill, and after a few days' sickness died. In accordance with the wishes of the physician in

attendance, and with the consent of the family of the deceased, a post-mortem examination was held to determine the cause of his death. On the evening after the examination had been made, Joe Owen, one of the numerous sons of the farmer, dropped into the office of Dr. Truro, who had not been present. Joe was a broad-shouldered, big-mouthed fellow of about thirty-five, who walked with a swagger and talked in a loud voice and in grandiloquent style.

"I understand," said Dr. Truro, "that a post-mortem examination of the body of your father was made by the doctors this afternoon; were you present and do you know what conclusion was arrived at?"

Hardly waiting until he had heard the question, Joe broke in with: "Yes, doctor, I was; I was present and saw the hull operation. I didn't think I could ha' done it, but I did." (Here his voice faltered.) "I didn't think I could ha' done it, but I did; I stood by and saw the hull proceedin's."

Here he paused and the doctor interposed.

"Your father was quite a fleshy man."

"Yes, doctor, he was; he was a very fat man; his hull insides was covered as much as two inches thick all over with clear fat. Why, doctor, if it had been a critter I should ha' said

—I should ha' said there was as much as sixty weight of rough taller in him! and jest as white, doctor, jest as white as any mutton taller ye ever saw!"

Valuable Expert Testimony

"What some of the so-called 'experts' don't know about anatomy would fill a half-dozen Carnegie libraries," remarked Dr. A. D. Risdom, one of the veteran physicians of Kansas City.

"Some years ago, when I happened to be 'the State of Missouri' in these parts, the sheriff brought to Kirksville one Jim Mays, of Morrow Township, for murdering a pedlar up his way. Jim wasn't exactly an angel, and at first glance it looked as if they had settled on him for the guilty party on general principles.

"The pedlar had suddenly disappeared from Jim's neighborhood, and of course Jim killed him, they said. There were vague rumors of another man's having met a like fate at Jim's hands, and as the suspect didn't go to meetin' and wash his face every day, it looked like a ready-made case, only awaiting the rope. Jim swore by all the gods he knew that he had [illegible] killed any pedlar [illegible] e a man wi[illegible] wild when it is

"I gently hinted to the irate community that a little more evidence would be appreciated, not necessarily for publication, but as a sort of guarantee of sincerity. About that time word came to me that a certain fellow had heard a confession from Jim, after seeing him burn the pedlar's body. I went up into the township and had a talk with this very important witness. He said Jim confided to him that he had killed the pedlar, for having tried to cheat him, and that he began burning the body one day and stayed with it all night till everything was consumed but the bones, which he took me to see.

"I gathered up a basketful of the bones and brought 'em to town. The 'experts' here said they had once been the skeleton of a man, although I knew better. The grand jury insisted on returning an indictment, but I got them to hold off for a day or two. I sent two of the bones to physicians in Chicago whom I was personally acquainted with, and related the circumstances. In due course the box came back, and I opened it before the jury. Inside was the report. It said in Latin where they belonged on a horse, with the added opinion that it was a scrub.

"Jim begged the bones of us and sent them and to the doctors who had declared they

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without another word he staggered out of the room and went home.

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The tone was somewhat injured, and the doctor's next words were soothing.

"Well, well," he said, drawing up his chair to his desk, "I didn't suppose you had, but it's common, sir, very common."

The visitor did not sit down. He threw his coat over the back of a chair, and began to pace the floor restlessly. The doctor was chilly.

"Now for the symptoms," he said, drawing his bathrobe closer around him.

At that moment the desk telephone rang—the imperative ring of the night operator, who expects to rouse people from sleep. If there is anything that makes more noise in the middle of the night than a telephone bell, it must be two telephone bells.

The doctor took down the receiver, while the visitor paused in his uneasy walk to listen.

"Is this Dr. Williamson?"

"It is."

"Well, look here, doctor. This is the Clearfield Asylum for the Insane. I don't want to worry you, but one of the patients here got away to-night, and as he's been fooling with an old business card of yours for a day or so, his attendant thinks he may give you a call."

"Indeed!" said the doctor in a noncommittal tone, looking furtively at his visitor, who

had opened the instrument-case, and was running his fingers nervously over the knives.

"If he comes, you'd better call us at once. He's been pretty quiet for a time, but he killed his first attendant here at the hospital—brained him with a chair."

The visitor was walking the floor again, his hands clasped behind his back, the fingers lacing and interlacing nervously. The doctor's voice was a bit quavery as he spoke again.

"Look here," he said, "if that's the case, suppose you come around at once!"

"Holy smoke! Do you mean that he's there?"

"Yes," said the doctor faintly.

"Nervous-looking fellow, bald-headed, derby hat, and light overcoat?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, keep him quiet as possible. I'll telephone to the police-station and have them send the patrol. He hasn't got a weapon, has he?"

The doctor turned. The nervous patient had taken the poker from the rack beside the fireplace and was weighing it abstractedly in his hand.

"Yes, a sort of one."

"Well, watch him. There'll be help there soon. Good-bye!"

As the doctor rang off, the visitor turned to him abruptly.

"I'm flying to pieces, doctor. It's nervousness, of course, but every time I close my eyes I see a blood-red mist. I tell you, in this condition, I'm a menace to society—I'm not responsible. I could shriek with the tension."

He took a step forward, holding out a large clenched fist.

"Feel my pulse," he said. "I can hear it in my ear-drums. I've been taking bromide for a couple of months, but for two or three days my stomach has been upset, and I've been trying to do without any."

"I'll give you some," said the doctor promptly, looking at the office clock. He unlocked the medicine cupboard and got out some bromide. The patient ran his restless eyes over the labels.

"Ah," he said, "there's prussic acid, peach-stone odor, quick death and all. And carbolic acid, too!" He took down the bottle and uncorking it, sniffed the contents. "It's a peculiar taste, but I am fond of the odor of carbolic acid. It seems to titillate my nostrils."

The doctor had measured out the bromide, an enormous dose, and was proffering it in a rather unsteady glass, the patient yielded the

bottle without a struggle, and took the medicine. Then he sank into a chair.

"I'm done," he said. "That's the trouble. This thing of always having a lot of people around, never a minute to oneself, is enough to drive a man mad. Whatever I do, whatever I say, there's always some one to report it. There is no privacy in my life!"

The doctor went to the instrument closet, and, taking out a heavy bone forceps, laid it carelessly on the desk beside him.

"There's not much privacy in my life either," he said.

"You've helped me already, doctor. I'm a hundred per cent. better. The nervous irritability is gone, but I am still restless." The visitor got up as he spoke, and began to pace the floor. "I was at one time an athlete, doctor, in my younger days, but I'm very stale now, very stale."

The doctor felt considerably relieved. "As you can imagine, I have little time for exercise," the other went on volubly; "but through a correspondence school I have taken up the study of jiu-jitsu. It's a wonderful thing, sir!"

The doctor laid his hand caressingly on the bone forceps.

"Yes, I believe it is," said the physician.

"I am becoming an enthusiast," went on the bald-headed man. "You're probably sleepy, but I'd like to show you a few things about it."

The doctor strained his ears. Far off down the street there was certainly the gong of a patrol wagon.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said. "I—I'm interested in jiu-jitsu myself."

"Well, it's something like this. Just stand up a minute and I'll show you. Now, you see, I put my right arm here, so, and my left there." The doctor drew a long breath. The wagon was stopping at the door. "Then my knee here, and presto!"

"Great Scot, he's got the doctor down!" shouted a hoarse voice. "Easy, boys, he may have a gun!"

As the doctor raised his head he saw four burly officers carrying out the writhing and expostulating form of the disciple of jiu-jitsu. With a sigh of thankfulness, he closed and locked the office door. He was starting upstairs again when the telephone rang, and with a groan he retraced his steps.

"Hello!" he said gruffly.

"Is that Dr. Williamson? Well, look here,

doctor, I guess we gave you a false alarm a while ago. Some doctor of the same name on the next street has called up to say that he has our man there, locked in a cupboard. When the patrol comes will you send it around to him? His number is——"

"Hello," said a feminine voice on the line. "Is that Dr. Williamson? Doctor, I am very anxious about my husband, Dr. Martin, of the Presbyterian Church. He's been overworking on some lectures on the Pentateuch, and as he was unable to sleep, he started for your office an hour ago, in the rain. Has he been there, doctor?"

The doctor moistened his dry lips.

"A large man with a bald head?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Interested in jiu-jitsu?"

"Yes, yes."

The doctor's jaw dropped and he stared with glassy eyes at the framed picture of the nervous system that hung over the desk.

"My dear madam," he said huskily, "your husband was here, but he was—er—called away suddenly, I may say peremptorily. He—he will be quite certain to return in the morning."

"But the rain, doctor! It's a frightful night for him to be out."

"He—he was driving," said the doctor. And human endurance being at an end, he hung up the receiver and laid his throbbing head on his desk.

The Newspaper Doctor

The *Manchester Evening Guardian* repeats a good story told against himself by the editor of a well-known ladies' paper. "One week, casually looking over the 'Answers to Correspondents' column, which was intrusted to a lady journalist, he read the following alarming statement, together with the businesslike addendum: 'Martha—The reply given last week was a mistake. You should have used one-fourth grain of strychnine, not one-fourth pound. Jay's is the best house for mourning.'"

Waste Not—Want Not

Doctor: "I must know what you have eaten to-day, in order to understand your stomachic disorder."

Patient: "Oh, doctor, only a little pork. It was left over from last week, and was perhaps not quite fresh."

Doctor: "Would it not have been more

sensible to let the pork spoil entirely, rather than to upset your stomach?"

Patient: "But, doctor, you can cure a diseased stomach, but what can you do with spoiled pork?"

CHAPTER XI

Poetry of the Profession

A New Water Cure

THERE was a man in our town,
As blind as he could be,
Who went to see an occulist
And paid a great big fee.
"You need an ocean trip," said he;
And so the blind man went to sea.

Dr. Osler at Mukden

Kuropatkin in retreat, a most dejected man,
He sat in contemplation on an empty vodka can,
And as the little yellow men their cordon closer drew,
He muttered low in Muscovite, "If Osler only knew!

"That little fellow Nogi, though he's past three score and ten,
Is prancing like a three-year-old around my Russian men,
Is tying Tie Ling in a knot that breaks in two —
If Osler only knew of this, if Osler only

"Then there's that old Oyama, who my stubborn centre stormed,
He certainly is past the age he should be chloroformed:
Yet there he stands performing tricks that younger men should do —
If Osler only knew of this, if Osler only knew!

"Kuroki's getting on in life and surely should retire;
Then what's he doing on my left directing of the fire,
And doing other boyish things an old man shouldn't do? —
If Osler only knew of this, if Osler only knew!

"That old man Nogi's worth about three hundred thousand boys,
But, oh, my military pride it certainly annoys
To be defeated by this superannuated crew,
Who'd be retired and fossilized if Osler only knew!"

Medical Limericks

A certain young man of great gumption
'Mongst cannibals had the presumption
To go—but alack,
He never came back;
They say 'twas a case of consumption.

Rushed

A dozen operations
Per day was not such fun.
The doctor didn't stop to eat—
He could only cut and run.

A Little Shy

She was shy of germs in the water,
She boiled and killed them by steam;
She was shy of germs in the butter,
And microbes that flourish in cream.
She was shy of germs in the sirloin,
Of germs in the marrowfat bone,
She was shy of germs in her money,
And germs that you meet at the 'phone.
She was shy of germs at the play-house,
Of germs in the tramcar slips;
But she wasn't a bit shy of the microbes
If there were any on Archibald's lips.

No Improvements There

He lived on predigested foods,
He married a superficial wife,
And led with many modern moods
An artful artificial life.

He sold imaginary stocks
For hypotheticated scads;

His friends were false that came in flocks —
False as his frock coat's shoulder pads.

And when upon his patent bed
He lay with up-to-date disease
The scientific doctors said:
"Breathe patent oxygen now, please."

But, oh! when came his life's last knell,
And this false world he left behind,
He journeyed off for heav'n or hell —
The ancient and old-fashioned kind.

Physician, Cure Thyself

Alas, old Dr. Brown has left
This land of woes and ills,
We miss his face about the town,
We miss his salves and pills.

Yet, 'twas no suicide's wild act
That laid him on the shelf;
He simply tried that grand old gag,
"Physician, cure thyself."

But He Can't Advertise

A physician sits in his office chair,
And there broods on his face a look of care,
While he groans and wails, and tears

"Alas! and alas! and alack!" he cries;
"Surely fame and fortune would both arise
If Old Ethics would let me advertise."

At last a bright thought comes into his brain,
Says he, "I must try that old racket, 'tis plain,
It worked O. K. once, and I'll work it again."

He wrote half a page on the "Evils of Pork,"
And the case of a man who swallowed a cork,
And a spoon and a knife, but got stuck on a fork.

Told how he cured an imprudent fellow
Who swallowed entire a gingham umbrella,
And brought it intact from the patient's patella.

The newspapers all extended their thanks;
He opened accounts at the various banks;
He's baited with ethics and caught all the cranks.

The Day of the Specialist

"Two of a trade can never agree,"
The Proverb said of old,
And never a doctor could there be found
His brethren to uphold.
But now they dwell in harmony,
And I'll tell you how 'tis done:
The doctors have split their trade, d'ye see,
There's a slice for every one!

The winter winds have harmed your throat —
You must go to Dr. B.
"Your stomach is wrong," he calmly says,
And passed you on to C.;
You mention to C. that pain in your eye
That worries you night and day —
"An oculist case," he quick replies,
"Just call upon Dr. J."

Too much Burgundy has blossomed out
In the joint of your great toe;
Now where is H. so famed in gout?
To him you must swifty go;
And, when with doctors and bills you're versed,
Till all your nerves succumb,
To minister to a mind perplexed
Another M. D. must come!

At last you are near your latest breath,
You find yourself laid low.
The faculty are all in at the death
To give you leave to go;
But what's the matter! among them all
They can't exactly tell,
For "diagnosis" who but X.
Can answer the question well?

And now life's fitful fever is cured
By a greater doctor still;

The patient is sleeping well at last,
  The heirs have read the will.
But e'en in his tomb his friends report
  A specialist's care he'll need,
The "Alienist" Z. must appear in court
  Lest his cranky bequest succeed.

In Convalescence

You were so kind when I was lying ill —
  Said such sweet things when I could not reply,
  I deeply longed to live; anon to die
While, anxious-eyed, you sat beside me still.

To-day, my feet firm on Recovery's hill,
  You have grown cold again! Oh, loved one, why?
You were so kind when I was lying ill —
  Said such sweet things when I could not reply!

If it was pity made your eyes to fill,
  I pray have pity now, but don't deny
  What 'tis akin to, and no man may buy.
I'm getting well almost against my will,
You were so kind when I was lying ill!

When the Doctor is Sick

I have tried most every stunt;
  Cured the yells of babes with colic,

Soothed the toper's gouty grunt;
  Charmed the snakes of wily boozers,
Quelled the nerve storms of the dames,
  Shot with pills at strange diseases
When I didn't know their names.

I have patched the voice of singers,
  And have robbed the sneeze from grippe,
Knocked the chills clear out of ague,
  Cured the smallpox every trip;
But one stunt has always floored me,
  Always will—this little trick—
Giving pills and soft emulsions
  To the doctor when he's sick.

You have seen his sweet persuasion,
  Heard him swear "it tasted good,"
Heard him say: "This will not hurt you"
  (Then you'd vacate if you could);
Heard him swear he had no patience
  With a man who couldn't take
Any sort of pill or nostrum
  For his pain or for his ache.

Heard him tell you not to grumble—
  "Grumbling does no good," says he,
As he rolls a nasty powder
  In a paper on his knee.

Then you ought to see the doctor
When he's laid up for repairs,
Ought to hear the old boy growling,
Ought to hear the doctor swear;
And you ought to see the nurses
When the time comes for his dope—
If you had their job before you,
You would bid farewell to hope.

L'envoi

You may be amazing clever,
Up to almost every trick,
But you're faded when it comes to
Dosing doctors when they're sick.

A Chilly Day

Little Willie had a mirror
And he licked the back all off,
Thinking in his childish error
It would cure the whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown,
"It was a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

The General Practitioner

He must not walk his rounds for fear his patients think him poor

And dearly do they love to see a carriage at their door;
And if his horse is fat, "He must have little work to-do,"
And if he's lean the reason is, "He starves the poor old screw."
Should he call upon his patients every day when they are ill,
His motive plainly is, "To make a great big doctor's bill."
If he visits them less frequently—thus lessening their expense—
The chances are he'll be accused of wilful negligence.
He must work all day and half the night, and never say he's tired,
For the public look upon him simply as a servant hired,
And should he take a holiday, he'll find, when he comes back,
Some patients have resented it by giving him "the sack."
Concerning money, he must seem indifferent to be,
And folks will think he practices from pure philanthropy;
When we hear about him boasting of the guineas that he earns,

We wonder if they all appear in his income tax
returns.
About his own afflictions he must never say a
word;
The notion of a doctor being ill is so absurd!
And when, perhaps from overwork, he's laid
upon the shelf,
His sympathizing patients say: "Physician, heal
thyself."

The Doctor

Who works from morn till set of sun,
Is all day long upon the run,
And yet whose work is never done?
The doctor.

Who, when at last he seeks repose,
And falls into a gentle doze,
And makes sweet music through his nose,
(The doctor)

Is roused up in the dead of night
By some one in a dreadful fright,
Who's sure she's going to die outright?
The doctor.

Who, when the days are scorching hot,
Can seek no cool sequestered spot,
Because he must be on the trot?
The doctor.

Who must an even temper keep,
And hide his thoughts and feelings deep,
To cheer up those who wail and weep?
The doctor.

Who has to hear of countless ills,
And deal out multitudes of pills,
To those who never pay their bills?
The doctor.

Who must be always very wise,
Ready to give profound replies,
Whatever question may arise?
The doctor.

Who, when the mercury is low,
Long, weary miles must often go
Through cutting winds and blinding snow?
The doctor.

Who must not show that it's a bore
To hear each family history o'er,
Five generations back or more?
The doctor.

Who takes our aches and pains away,
And gives us courage day by day,
To cheer us on our healthward way?
The doctor.

Who should be placed among the saints,
Whom history with us acquaints,
For patient listening to complaints?
The doctor.

The Medical Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary,
The doctor slumbered weak and weary,
And all the town could
Hear him snore.

While he lay there sweetly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
Like a ram-goat madly rapping
His hard head
Upon the door.

"Get thee up," a voice said loudly,
"Come in haste," it added proudly,
Like a man who owned a million
Or much more.

But the doctor never heeded;
Back to dreamland fast he speeded,
For such men as that he needed
In his practice
Nevermore.

For long months that man had owed him,
Not a cent he's ever paid him,
And the doctor will now dose him
Nevermore.

The Triumphs of Modern Surgery

They sawed off his arms and his legs,
They took out his jugular vein;
They put fancy frills on his lungs,
And they deftly extracted his brain.

'Twas a triumph of surgical skill,
Such as never was heard of till then;
'Twas the subject of lectures before
Conventions of medical men.

The news of this wonderful thing
Was heralded far and wide;
But as for the patient, there's nothing to say,
Excepting, of course, that he died.

Section Meetings

'Tended the section meetin's —
Better ha' left 'em alone —
Got a twinge in my littlest muscle
An' a ache in my biggest bone.
I was young an' spry an' light-hearted,

An' I'm ol' an' rheumatic an' sad —
I'm like the Biblical feller,
Too much learnin' has druv me mad.

Never knowed that I had one —
A larynx—an' I'll be blowed
If I ain't been a-coughin' steady —
I wisht I'd ha' never knowed!
Them otological fellers —
Since they spoke, I ain't heard a word —
Them opthalmological fellers —
An' my eyesight's dim and blurred.

An' them were surgical fellers —
Gee! But they'd raise your hair!
I have to keep feelin' my arms an' legs
To see if they still are there.
My pore ol' head is achin'
An' my pore ol' brain is trained,
My heart is chuck full o' my sorrows
An' I believe that my soul is sprained!

The Lament of the Skull

Alas! How changed my fortune
Since time for me began!
I'm only a tobacco jar;
I used to be a man.

I, too, was once a student,
But the skull that then did hold
The thoughts of a philosopher
Is now full of "Old Gold."

Too deep, alas, I studied
Till all my wealth forsook me,
And in an attic drear and dark
Grim Death at length o'ertook me.

They gave me to a "medic."
But he was "out of tin,"
So he sold me to a student
To keep tobacco in.

And now that student sits and smokes
While from my slightless eye
Invisible tears roll down my cheek
I have no hand to dry.

Humiliated! That I am;
All I can do is grin,
While solemnly he opens up my skull
And pours tobacco in.

Ah, fickle, fickle Fortune!
How changed since I began!
I'm only a tobacco-jar;
I used to be a man.

A Diagnosis

All the doctors came together,
Came to diagnose the case;
But it baffled their endeavor
As they tried to find a trace
Of the ailment that had written
Pain upon the poor man's face.

So they turned the patient over,
Pinched along his vertebræ,
Swung his arms and slapped his liver,
Worked the hinges in his knee,
Tried his respiratory organs; —
Sound as any nut was he.

And the patient was most patient,
Uttered not a single word,—
Then the wise physicians murmured —
"This man's brain's unduly stirred
In political excitements —
Too much speaking he has heard.

"Or perhaps he's stumped the country
For our winning Roosevelt,
He must seek rest, and seclusion,
In the fragrant Piney belt;
He must neither talk nor listen,
Such emotion he has felt."

Patient beckoned for a pencil,
And with shaking hands and numb,
Wrote the words: "I want a dentist;
Can't you fellows let one come?
I've just got a plain old toothache,—
I was always deaf and dumb!"

An Old Story

The night was cold, the air was full
Of spiteful, cutting sleet;
The doctor, in his lounging robe,
Stretched out half frozen feet
Before the gas-log's cheerful blaze,
And hoped the time had come
When he might rest his tired bones
And taste the joys of home.

But sharply rang the old 'phone bell,
"Come quick, the baby's ill!"
With wicked "swear words" in his heart
He took his bitter pill
And walked ten blocks in face of winds
That fairly took his breath,
Cheered by the thought that he might save
The precious babe from death.

He reached the house, the mother
With fear was almost

She told the symptoms o'er and o'er,
While shrilly screamed the child.
"Oh, doctor! Is there any hope?
Canst save my little daughter?"
He grimly smiled—"She is not ill;
She wants a drink of water!"

CHAPTER XII

Miscellaneous

Disinterested Advice

MR. TYTE-PHIST (at the club): "By the way, doc, what is good for indigestion?"

Doctor (fellow-clubman): "Well, a Welsh rabbit is sometimes good for about three days of it."

The Reason Why

"There seems to be very little sickness in your village."

"Yes; we've only one doctor, you know, and he is extremely unpopular, personally."

At the Consultation

First Doctor: "Then we decide not to operate."

Second Doctor: "Yes. What do you think we ought to charge him for deciding not to operate?"

After the Consultation

"Well, Drs. Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox."

"Is the operation necessary?"

"Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."

Another Case for Hemaboloids

The professor, who had wandered into the dime museum, was looking with interest at the living skeleton.

"Pardon me for asking the question," he said, "but are you of Asiatic descent?"

"No, sir," was the reply of the living skeleton, with offended dignity. "I am a full blooded Caucasian."

"H'mph! You don't look as if you had more than an ounce and a half of any kind of blood in you," commented the professor, passing on to the next platform.

His Professional Manner

"Dr. Jones always seems to be very earnest, at any rate."

"Oh, very! Why he can say, 'How are you?' and give you the impression that he really wants to know."

A Case of Macroglossia

"My wife doesn't seem to be progressing, doctor," remarked the anxious husband.

"No," answered the physician; "when she gains a little strength, she uses it all up trying to tell her friends what's the matter with her."

Implicit Obedience

Doctor (to Mrs. Perkins whose husband is ill): "Has he had any lucid intervals?"

Mrs. Perkins (with dignity): "'E's 'ad nothing except what you ordered, doctor."

Contagious, Too

When young Mr. Dusenbury Jones called at the residence of Miss Constance Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, he was informed by the Irish domestic who responded to the ring of the doorbell that her young mistress was sick. Mr. Jones' face grew visibly paler and his voice betrayed some agitation as he asked:

"May I inquire the nature of her illness?"

Bridget answered with a perfectly straight countenance: "They call it love, sur. I believe it's some sort of shkin disease."

He Won

"How is your brother, Tommy?"

"Sick in bed, miss: he's hurt himself."

"How did he do that?"

"We were playing at who can lean the farthest out of the window, and he won."

A Willing Patient

A Topeka man was complaining of rheumatism.

"There's no excuse for your being afflicted," said a friend. "I used to have rheumatism. When it would strike me, I would go home and have my wife throw her arms around my neck and give me a massage treatment. It helped me every time. You ought to try it."

"I will," said the man. "When will I find your wife at home?"

Painless Corn Cure

"Can't I sell you a painless corn cure, madam?" said the peddler.

"No, you can't!" snapped the woman of the house. "I have no painless corns."

Then the door was shut with a sudden slam.

Second-handed Food

The Grocer: "Yes, sir, this grano-grino is the best breakfast food on the market. It is predigested."

Mr. Fadsy (shuddering): "Bless my soul! By whom?"

Had Tried Electricity

"Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady.

"Electricity?" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer and hove out of the window; but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

Equal to the Occasion

"Sir," screamed the indignant patient at the fashionable doctor, "I think, sir—I think—I say I think, sir, I have told you four times that your bill is outrageous and exortio——"

"There, there, my good man," soothingly put in the physician. "You really must stop thinking so much, and, above all, you must not get excited."

And having given this profound advice, he added $5 for another attendance.

Warranted, Anyway

It was a lecture delivered by a learned purveyor of liver pills, and illustrated by diagrams of the frame of man. "That," he exclaimed, pointing out a totally different spot, "is where man's liver is."

"Excuse me," observed the man in spectacles, "but I am a surgeon, and that is not where the liver is."

"Never you mind where his liver is," retorted the lecturer; "if it was in his big toe or his left ear my pills would reach it and shake it for him. On that you can bet your gig lamps."

Long Odds

"I don't feel right about going in there," said Chillson Fever, in front of a physician's house.

"Pshaw! He's one of the best doctors in the city," replied Coffin Coles.

"I know; but look at his sign—9 to 1."

"Well?"

"Well, I don't take any such chances as that."

The Nervous Shock Was Serious

"What did the doctor pronounce your ailment?" inquired she with a tremor of anxiety

in her tone, as she came into her husband's sick-room.

"He pronounced it as if it were spelled broncheetus," exclaimed the indignant Bostonian, straightening himself up in bed, "and I requested him at once to make out his bill and go."

The Verdict

Before the English missionary was half gone, the King of the Ooglyzooks suddenly gasped, turned pale, and falling under what would have been the table if cannibals ever used such things, expired in great agony.

The coroner's jury sat on him at once.

"Died from a foreign body lodging in his throat," was their verdict.

Medical Tact

A western physician, who is quite aggressive, has the following notice prominently displayed in his office:

"There i$ a little matter that $ome of my patient$ have $eemingly forgotten. It i$ unnece$$ary to $ay that I allude to the fee$ for my $ervice$. Money i$ needed in my bu$ine$$ and mu$t be had."

A Square Deal

Doctor: "Why have you deducted a quarter from my bill?"

Patient: "That is for the six cigars you broke when you thumped my chest."

Thoughtful

"Say, boss," he began, "I don't want no money. I on'y ask yer ter pass me inter dat lunch joint and buy me a square meal."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the philanthropist. "I can't do that, but the next man you ask may, so here's a Lactopeptine tablet in case you overeat yourself."

A Sure Cure

Physician: "Considering the weak state of your eyes, it will be well if you gaze, as much as possible, into empty space."

Patient: "All right, then, I'll keep looking into my purse."

A Doubtful Result

"How do you like your new French doctor?"

"Well, I told him I had cholera, because I didn't know how to say dyspepsia in French, and I'm afraid he has not given me the right remedies."

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A Skilled Physician

"Faith—he's a moighty foine docthor. attinded O'Pheelan whin he was sick av th' pindicutis. 'Poke out yez toongue,' he sa 'bedad, Oi'll have th' opprate on ye,' he sa 'Divil a bit will Oi be opprated on,' says Pheel 'Then yez'll be a dead man b' two o'clock,' says. So he opprated."

"An' saved O'Pheelan's loife?"

"An' saved O'Pheelan's loife—wan ho He died at thray."

Preserving One's Health

Physician (to patient): "You should t two grains of quinine every hour or half hour

Patient: "Great Scott! Doctor, isn't t rather often?"

Physician: "No. Take it in a li whisky."

Patient: "All right. Two grains every how often did you say?"

Physician: "Every hour or half hour."

Patient: "All right, doctor. Two gra every half hour."

A Costly Error

Young Doctor: "Did you ever make a n take in a diagnosis?"

Old Doctor: "Yes. A shabby old fellow came into my office one day, and after I told him he had only a stomach-ache, and charged him two dollars, I found out he was rich enough to have appendicitis."

Far-Sighted Druggist

"Is there any profit in selling postage stamps?" inquired the man in search of information.

"Not directly," replied the druggist, "but it gets people into the habit of going to the drug store, and after that it doesn't take long to make chronic invalids of them."

A Chip of the Old Block

Dr. William Tod Helmuth, the surgeon, according to the Chironian, is sure his youngster is to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, because when the nurse gave him the dictionary to play with, he promptly removed the appendix.

Sleeping Potion for the King

Zimmerman, who was very eminent as a physician, went from Hanover to attend Fred-

erick the Great, in his last sickness. One day the king said to him:

"You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?"

This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor, but the dose he gave the king in return, was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery.

"Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

Not Yet Earned

"This is the bill from your oculist," said the collector to Mr. Grimly.

"Just take it back to him and tell him that I can't read it with those glasses he sold me."

Good to Die

"Gintlemin," exclaimed an Emerald-Islander, who was holding forth to an assemblage of men on the advantage of belonging to a society of which he was president; "Gintlemin, Oi couldn't begin to tell ye half the privileges appertainin' to a mimbership in this society, but Oi'll thry to tell ye a few. First, whin ye are sick, it'll not be pertaters an' tay ye'll be gittin', but foine cuts of roast bafe an' lashin's of the best whusky. Nixt, whin ye're dead, ye'll

have such a foine funeral that the folks on the sidewalks 'll be afther askin', wid their eyes stickin' out loike a lobster's, 'Shure, who's in the coffin?' An' whin ye are buried we'll take such exsadin' good care of your wives and children that they'll all be rejoicin' greatly because they're widies an' orphans."

Hold of a Tongue

"The beauty doctor told a good story about a hair restorer," said a well-known Osage business man recently, "but I know a better one. With several other men I was associated, several years ago, in the manufacture of a restorer. We had a fakir selling the remedy and this was one of his tales: 'A woman came to me the other day for her eighth bottle; she said she liked the taste of it so well. I was frightened and took her into a private office and told her to show her tongue. She stuck it out and there was a half inch of hair on it. To keep it from hurting the business, we had to feed her camphor balls all summer to keep the moths out of her stomach.'"

The Next Best Thing

"Have you an isolation hospital in this town?" asked the stranger.

"No, but we've got a Carnegie Library. If you want to be all alone with yourself for an hour or two, go up there."

The Point of View

Gingham: "Do you consider Dr. Seton a skilful physician?"

Butcher: "None better in town. Pays his bills regular."

Right in Line for Expense

Mrs. Casey: "The docthor says ye hov appendikitis, Tim!"

Mr. Casey: "Och, Norah, Norah! whoy wor ye so foolish as to show him yure bankbook?"

The Druggist's Trials

A Fort Worth druggist is in receipt of a curt and haughty note, in an angular feminine hand: "I do not want vasioline but glisserine. Is that plain enough? I persoom you can spell."

Poor Consolation

"Gracious!" sighed Mr. De Spepsey, "I wish I could acquire an appetite."

"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed his wife, "what do you want with an appetite? It would only give you more dyspepsia."

Standing on His Rights

Offender (in the course of lengthy explanation): "So I ses to the inspector as I were, as you might say, ill, an' demanded to be examined by Dr. Jones, an' the inspector 'e ses as 'ow I must see Dr. Smith, the police doctor. 'No,' I ses, 'you may run me in,' I ses, 'but you ain't goin' to make me change my medical adviser!'"

A Partnership

"I called at Dr. Physic's office one day," relates a gentleman, "and found one of the most noted sexton-undertakers lying on a settee, waiting for the return of the doctor. The easy familiarity of his position, and the perfect at-homeativeness led me to say: 'Why, Mr. Plume, have you gone into partnership with the doctor?' 'Yes,' he replied, as he raised himself up, 'we've been together some time; I always carry the doctor's work home when it's done.'"

Poor Fellow

Wife: "And how was the sick man when you left this morning, Jack?"

Jack (absently): "About twenty dollars sicker than he was last night."

Figuring It Out

"I hear you're dissatisfied with your doctor's bill."

"Yes. I don't think he's entitled to $250 for that operation."

"Why not?"

"Because if he was he'd claim more."

A Sensible Precaution

Fair Patient: "Doctor, my memory has become very bad of late."

Doctor: "Indeed. In these cases, it is my invariable rule to ask for my fee in advance."

Dead But in Peril

Smith, who had always been a "tough one," had just died. The physician is met coming from the house by Brown, who asks:

"Doctor, how is Smith? Is he out of danger?"

Physician: "No. He is dead, poor fellow; but he is far from being out of danger, I fear."

A Chance to Get Even

Dr. Ketchum: "By Jove! These cab companies certainly know how to charge."

His Wife: "Never mind, dear! It's lucky that the president of the company is a patient of yours."

Money's Worth

Host: "That confounded doctor charged five guineas for telling me there was nothing wrong with me."

Visitor: "Outrageous!"

Host: "Yes; if he had discovered dangerous symptoms, I shouldn't have minded it."

All That Saved Him

Hawkins: "I understand that the physicians held a consultation, but I see you are still alive."

Robbins: "Yes. I have since learned that the vote stood two for me and one against me."

Unappreciative

Patient: "What would you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?"

Doctor: "Good Lord, man! That's just what I'm trying to save you from."

Getting Ready

Visitor: "Why did you say that that gentleman who went out was your biographer? I am sure it was Dr. Jones."

Invalid: "Same thing! He is at work on my life."

His Endless Chain

Watts: "Don't you know that drinking whisky for your cold only renders you more liable to cold?"

Lushforth: "In zash case, I c'n jus' drink more whisky for the new cold."

His Choice

Student: "I have not the time or inclination to take the regular course of study. Can't I take a shorter course?"

Professor: "That depends upon what you desire to make of yourself. When God makes an oak, he takes an hundred years to develop it, but when he wants to make a pumpkin, he completes it in less than six months."

The Doctor's Friend

Small Boy (to village doctor): "There's a wery bad case o' measles in our fambly, doctor.

How much will y' gimme to spread 'em all over the willage?"

An Epidemic

A prominent business man appeared at the office of his family physician and communicated to him with great concern, that his son, the joy and hope of the family, to all appearances, was suffering from diphtheria.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders in a sympathetic way: "Very sorry to hear it. No mother's soul is safe when that sneaking disease comes around."

"But," continued the man, "the dear young lad has confessed that he caught the disease from the house-maid, whom he had kissed."

"Well, what in the world shall one say to that? Young people are very thoughtless," remarked the doctor, discreetly.

"But, don't you see, doctor—how—to be plain—between you and me—I have also kissed the girl (the horrid thing); perhaps I, too, will be down with the disease."

"Yes, by thunder, that is the next thing to expect ——"

"And I kiss my dear wife every morning and evening, so we risk having her ——"

"Gracious, goodness!" exclaimed the doctor, bringing his fist down with emphasis, "then I, too, will have it!"

He Had to Stand Up

An American doctor built an elegant home, and his bathroom was exceptionally beautiful, being of white marble with silver hardware; a music-box was concealed in the room. After the completion of the home, an Englishman came to visit the doctor. Now, the English always show great respect for their sovereign and their country, and this one was no exception.

After showing his home to the Englishman, the doctor remembered the fondness English people have for the bath, and escorted his guest to the bathroom, and while there turned on the music-box, wishing to give his guest a pleasant surprise as he bathed. Then he left his friend in the bathroom.

About an hour later the Englishman joined his host in the drawing-room. The doctor immediately asked what his guest thought of the bathroom. The Englishman replied: "It is beautiful, beautiful."

"Well," said the doctor, "how do you like my music-box?"

Said his guest with great disgust in his tones: "Bah! That music-box! The old thing played 'God Save the King,' and I had to stand up the whole time I was trying to bathe."

What the Ailment Was

A New England physician was referring to the dry humor of the late Senator Hoar, when he was reminded of the following:

One day Hoar learned that a friend in Worcester who had been thought to have appendicitis was in reality suffering from acute indigestion. Whereupon the senator smiled genially.

"Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

Test of His Sanity

Dr. Bliss, of Washington, got into a warm controversy with the superintendent of St. Elizabeth's over a patient whom the doctor believed was perfectly sane.

Finally, agreeing to be responsible for him, he secured the superintendent's consent to take him in his carriage on his round of calls, where he could study him to better advantage. The

patient was bright and interesting, a good c
versationalist, and the doctor became fir
convinced that he was wrongfully held at
asylum. Suddenly the patient asked:

"Have you a small piece of toast in yo
pocket?"

"Toast? No," replied the doctor. "Ar
you hungry?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the patient, most politely.
"Only, the truth is, I am a poached egg, and,
unless I have a piece of toast to sit on, I shall
go to pieces directly."

Doctor Bliss drove him back to the asylum for
some toast.

One Thing He Knew

There is a stock story among the medical fraternity concerning an ignorant country practitioner, one of those empirics whose attainments better fitted him for a horse-doctor than for an attendant on "humans."

Being called to attend a very sick man, the medico was plainly puzzled over the proper diagnosis. At length he prescribed a certain drug, and handed the formula to the patient's wife.

"What will this do for him?" was the anxious query.

"Well, madam," was the jaunty answer, "just what's the matter with your husband, I can't say, but this will throw him into fits, and I'm just death on fits!"

The Street-Masseur

There are two Woodburys in New York known to fame. One is the Commissioner of Streets and the other is a dermatologist. Both are doctors.

When the street-cleaning Woodbury was appointed, the reporters went over to his house to see him. He received them through the aid of a butler, waited until they were all seated, and then came into the room in a most impressive manner.

He announced that he never talked with reporters, but would condescend to say a few words on this occasion. He referred to himself in highly eulogistic terms, told what a great man he was, how old his family was, and all that, and outlined, with many personal pronouns, what his street-cleaning policy was to be.

His manner was most patronizing, and the reporters did not like it. Finally, after they had asked their questions, and had been allowed to sit at the Woodbury feet a few minutes, he waved them out.

Just as they were leaving, one of the reporters, who had taken no part in the questioning, turned and said:

"Oh, by the way, doctor, now that you have accepted this position, I suppose you will discontinue your beauty parlors?"

And that was revenge enough.

A New Definition

Two young doctors, one an allopath, the other a homeopath, were rivals for the affections of a certain young lady in Brooklyn, New York, and both were very frequent callers.

It so happened that the brother of the girl was violently opposed to the young homeopath, and lost no opportunity of disparaging him and his school of medicine.

One day the lad took his sister to task for her evident preference for the disciple of Hahemann, ridiculing the principle of *similia similibus curautur* and infinitesimal doses.

"Why," said he, with a snort of disgust, "if you fell ill, he'd prescribe a pellet in a pail of water and tell you to take a teaspoonful every two weeks!"

But history records that the girl married the homeopath notwithstanding.

Too Slow for Her

Doctor (to wife of patient): "Be brave, madam. It is my painful duty to inform you that in twenty-four hours your husband will be no more."

The Wife (overwhelmed with grief, but, at the same time, having regard to expense): "Good gracious! And you have prescribed medicine for five days at least."

The Wrong Call

"I saw the doctor's carriage at your door today. Anybody ill?"

"No; he called to present his bill."

"Oh, I see. You didn't call him?"

"Yes, I did, too; I called him everything I could think of."

Then and Now

Said one physician to another:

"Have you seen anything of Jiggins lately?"

"Yes, I prescribed a trip to Europe for him, this morning."

"Indeed? He's getting wealthy, isn't he?"

"Well, I can remember when I used to prescribe for him simply a dose of sodium bromide for the same complaint."

Appendixes Up ; Three Kings Called

"Speaking of queer wagers in poker games," said a Boston doctor, to a group of friends, "I guess I can tell you of some that beat any you ever heard of before.

"Three years ago I made a trip to Denver in company with another Boston physician and surgeon who, for fear he might not want his name used, I'll call Dr. Brown. Our journey was uneventful until we got out into the middle of Nebraska.

"Then we struck a heavy snow-storm and our train was snowed in for twenty hours. The hours passed slowly, so Dr. Brown and I hunted up a couple of drummers and indulged in a little game of draw in the smoking-room of our sleeper to pass away the time, or at least a portion of it.

"The traveling men knew the game well, in fact, were experts at it, and soon Dr. Brown and I found ourselves practically strapped. We had very little money in our pockets. I had about $100 and Dr. Brown about $125. The drummers took $95 away from me and $115 from my friend.

"Dr. Brown and I then decided to play only until we had but $5 left between us. That was *satisfactory* to the traveling men and the cards

went around again. That time I was lucky and appearances seemed to indicate that Dr. Brown had caught a good hand, too.

"The drummers did not do well that deal and when the betting began they dropped out and Dr. Brown and I found ourselves opposing each other alone. We bet all our money but the $5 which Dr. Brown had stored away in his waistcoat pocket, but we didn't stop there.

"'Want to make it a show down?' asked Dr. Brown.

"'Guess we'll have to,' I replied. 'We haven't any more money with us.'

"'Might write I. O. U.'s,' said he.

"It was then that I had an idea. In Boston I had three patients on whom I was to operate for appendicitis upon my return. I also had an operation for abscess of the liver awaiting me. I knew Dr. Brown had several such operations to be performed the following week when he returned to Boston.

"'Doc,' I said, 'I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll bet you a case of appendicitis against an operation of the same kind. We can do the work for each other, you know.'

"'Done,' replied Dr. Brown, 'and I'll raise you a gall stones operation.'

"'I'll put a liver case up against it and raise you another appendix,' I said.

"He called me with an appendicitis operation and declined to raise further. We showed our hands and he won. He had three aces and I had three kings.

"I took out my note-book and wrote the names of the patients I had lost on a leaf, which I tore out and gave him. He wanted to regard the bets, after the money had been wagered, as a joke, but I refused to permit him to. When we reached Boston a week later I made arrangements whereby he did the work on the patients and received the pay. In all he won $935 from me with those three aces."

Taking Chances

Commercialism and money-getting are reputed characteristics of our Hebrew friends,—traits that amount to a ruling passion.

Two gentlemen of this persuasion were discussing the merits of a successful surgeon who had lately operated upon one of them for appendicitis.

Said Mr. Isaacs: "Yes, he vas a great surgeon all righdt, but it seems to me that he takes desberate chances."

Said Mr. Cohen: "In vat vay?"

"Vy," answered the first speaker, "would you pelieve it, he vent righdt to work on me vidoudt efen taking the time to look up my standing in Pradstreet's!"

High Charges

A certain patient was being treated by an eminent specialist who was noted for his enormous fees, and being of a rather penurious disposition the sick man was worrying over the bill he would have to pay. One day he took occasion to remark:

"See here, doctor, isn't it time you physicians came down a little in your prices? I tell you, it makes a great deal of difference when a man is ill when he has to worry over the tremendous bill he has to pay when he gets well!"

The eminent practitioner looked him over quizzically for a few moments, and then quietly remarked:

"Don't worry over that, my friend; it won't make any difference to you one way or the other, for you're not going to get well!"

A Still, Small Voice

The scene was at a certain examination of medical students for their diplomas.

Said one of the professors to a none-too-hopeful candidate:

"What would you do, Mr. Blank, in case you happened to discover that there was still life in a body you were dissecting?"

The reply of the student was more literal than scientific. Said he: "If the life was very still, sir, I should proceed and not disturb it!"

Business vs. Fun

A story is told of a prominent specialist who was noted as much for his love of a high fee as for his professional capacity, both of which are undoubted.

On a certain occasion, while he was in the medical school, he came up for examination, and the head inquisitor put a very difficult question to him direct.

The student was puzzled, and proceeded to spar for time.

"Do you mean that in earnest or just for fun, sir?" he inquired.

"I am in earnest, of course," replied the professor, with some signs of wrath at the young man's impertinence, "and I must insist on an answer."

"Oh, well," was the cool reply, "you needn't

get mad about it. I was only asking for information. As it is a purely professional question, I can't give you an answer unless you promise the usual fee. Business is business, you know!"

No Delusion There

Dr. Osler has had a good many witticisms fastened upon him, and whether the following is justly attributed to him or not, the story is good enough to be true, as the Italians say.

Said a certain patient to him one day:

"Doctor, the pain has greatly increased since Thursday, so I fancy somehow I've got a touch of the gout."

The answer came quick as thought itself:

"Fancy! My dear sir, if you really had the gout you wouldn't fancy it,—you'd know it!"

A Heroic Remedy

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who was the terror of his boyhood days.

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentler

"I remember once a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible.

"Dr. X—— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red hot poker. As he was never questioned or disobeyed, the woman hastened to heat one in the kitchen fire.

"When she brought it to the sick-room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleaming point leveled at the boy's head.

"'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded.

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life."

Signing a Petition

Dr. Joseph Ray was a well-known and justly popular practitioner of the old school on Long Island. Besides doctoring the countryside for miles around he was also school-commissioner, town trustee, and general adviser of half the community. He used to tell this story on himself:

In the village post-office and general store one night some men were discussing the value

of a certain popular petition then being circulated, when one made the remark that there would be no trouble to get signers, for most people signed petitions upon request, without reading them. Some doubted the statement, and it was agreed to test the matter.

A petition was written requesting Dr. Ray to leave town because he was unfit in character and influence to remain a citizen of such a respectable, decent, and law-abiding community. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ray was widely honored and esteemed, not only by his immediate neighbors, but was a man of standing in the State and especially in the church to which he belonged.

"Well," related the doctor, with a hearty laugh at the reminiscence, "the petition was drawn up and circulated and nearly forty of the best citizens of the place signed it, including myself. Of course none of us read it,—as was expected by the jokers, we merely took their word for what it was all about."

The Case and the Exception

Dr. Brady, formerly of Spokane, is very fond of telling jocular stories at the expense of members of the medical profession.

One day, he relates, a certain physician called at a residence. To the maid who answered the bell he said:

"I am Dr. So-and-So. The family have just telephoned me to call immediately. How is the patient?"

"O, doctor," exclaimed the domestic, tearfully, "you have arrived too late. Mr. R—— died not five minutes ago!"

"Well, never mind," answered the doctor, quite cheerfully; "in this case, at least, no one can say that I was the cause of death."

An Old Martinet

"Dr. Tanner, a typical doctor of the old country practitioner type, was never disobeyed but once in his life," said a friend recently. "He always insisted on the most implicit obedience to his minutest directions, but I recall one occasion on which a family attempted to set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way-out country doctors of those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when he was young, and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air.

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick-room tight. On the occasion

in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room, Dr. X—— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so.

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, but no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance away Dr. X—— happened to look around and beheld what they had done.

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, neither knocking nor ringing, mounted the stairs, walked into the sick-room, lifted the thick-knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away.

"The patient recovered."

Nerves vs. Nerve

Once upon a time a young man called upon a doctor for consultation. After listening to the account of the patient's symptoms and making a careful and exhaustive examination the physician proceeded to write two prescriptions, which he handed to his caller with the requisite directions for use, etc.